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THOMAS B. REED, *SPEAKER*

An Anecdotal Sketch

By Amos J. Cummings

THOMAS B. REED is a monumental pillar in a garden of Congressional gods. Pike's Peak itself is not more picturesque and attractive. There is, however, far more gneiss than red sandstone in Mr. Reed's composition. His is a figure that will ever stand towering and unique amid the storms and turmoil of American politics.

He certainly inaugurated a new era in legislation. He secured a concentration of power in the House hitherto unknown. It will leave its impression upon many a future Congress. It not only destroyed the individual obstructor, but prevented organized filibustering. Whatever may be said concerning his policy, it was practically adopted by his political opponents when in power, and it seems to have commended itself to the country at large.

Reed's personality is peculiarly impressive. It made itself felt long before he became Speaker. He achieved the leadership of his party on the floor without seeking it. It was an absolute leadership, dominating by the sheer force of intellect. He had no rivals. There was no Conkling to challenge the honors. His remarkable physique, facial expression, quaintness of dialect and grim terseness in argument were unequaled. Almost unconsciously he saturated his speeches with sarcasm, and there was a pungency about his retorts that saved him from many a direct assault.

He associated with the brainiest men of both parties, and was an omnivorous reader. Add to this a memory unusually retentive, and an honesty and a courage unsurpassed, backed by a true parliamentary instinct, and the secret of his success is revealed. He has a self-confidence based upon an innate consciousness of his superior intellectual power that would have carried him to the front in any assemblage, religious or political.

REED'S FAMOUS RETORT TO SPRINGER

Mr. Reed was ever testing the metal of his opponents, and knew every weak joint in their armor. He was a fine listener, and in his quiet moments was always gauging the ability of his antagonists. While leader on the Republican side of the House he had a loyal following. It was so intensely loyal that it supported him in his new departure after he became Speaker. Occasionally murmurs of mutiny were heard, but they were promptly silenced by the firmness of the Speaker.

Aside from his official duties, Mr. Reed was a social power in Congress. He chatted with everybody, and his laconic sayings became proverbial. His worst political enemies seemed to have the keenest admiration for him.

Probably the sharpest reply that he ever made in debate was to the Honorable William M. Springer, of Illinois. Mr. Springer was persistent in discussion and an expert in chop logic. While discussing some proposition before the House, he observed Mr. Reed standing in a side aisle listening to him in apparent astonishment. When the Illinois Representative had resumed his seat, the man from Maine threw open the lid of the desk at his side. He drew therefrom an old volume of the Congressional Record and read a complete reply to Mr. Springer's argument. He threw down the book, saying:

"I quote from a speech made by the honorable gentleman from Illinois in the Forty-fourth Congress."

It was a home thrust. The House roared, and Mr. Springer for a moment was thoroughly disconcerted. He secured the floor, however, and promptly acknowledged the corn. With great ingenuity he began to frame a reply. He alluded to the present as an age of progress. Men had progressed artistically, scientifically and politically. What would have been orthodox in politics fifty years ago might not be orthodox now. Aside from this, men were liable to change their opinions. Sir Robert Peel changed his in regard to the Corn Laws, and more than one American statesman had found himself mistaken in the course of time and changed his views.

"I honor them for it," Mr. Springer said. "An honest man always expresses his honest conviction. It is this that makes him the noblest work of God. As for me, in the language of an eminent American statesman, I would 'rather be right than be President.'"

"Ya-as," drawled Mr. Reed, with a quaint twinkle in his eye. "Well, you'll never be either."

The reply brought down the House and destroyed the effect of Springer's speech.

Another incident illustrative of Mr. Reed's grim humor occurred in the Fifty-first Congress. It was after his assumption of the right to count a quorum and his refusal to put to the House what he regarded as dilatory motions. The minority were indescribably indignant. They defied the Speaker at every opportunity, declaring that he had outraged their rights and had reduced them to a condition of servitude.

Crisp, of Georgia; Mills, of Texas; Bynum, of Indiana; Rogers, of Arkansas, and Springer, of Illinois, all denounced these outrages with the greatest fury, and for weeks the House was a perfect Bedlam. The word "outrage" was bandied night and day. They were particularly incensed at the special orders reported from the Committee on Rules. This Committee consisted of five members, viz.: the Speaker, William McKinley, Jr., of Ohio, and Joseph G. Cannon, of Illinois, Republicans; and James H. Blount, of Georgia, and Benton McMillin, of Tennessee, Democrats.

Reed, McKinley and Cannon, being a majority of the Committee, always met in the Speaker's room alone and drew up the special orders. The House met at noon. At five minutes before twelve they would send for the minority members and record their votes.

One day a messenger was sent for Mr. McMillin. It was a hot day in July. The Speaker sat flanked by McKinley and Cannon. All had fans, and Mr. Reed was in négligée. As McMillin entered, the Speaker turned to him, saying:

"Good-morning, Mac; how do you do? Take a seat. Are you feeling pretty well this morning? I sent for you just now to tell you that Bill, Joe and I are going to perpetrate the following outrage upon you and Jim."

Thereupon he read the new special order. The reading was hardly concluded before his messenger opened the door saying: "It is twelve o'clock, Mr. Speaker."

Mr. Reed left the room, lumbered along the corridor, entered the Chamber of the House and mounted the rostrum. At the conclusion of the reading of the journal the new special order under the Reed rules was brought up and adopted after twenty minutes' discussion, all dilatory motions being debarred.

THE SPEAKER ASKS FOR THE SACRED WRITINGS

After adjournment one day the Speaker sat down at a member's desk and became absorbed in The Amber Witch, a translation from the German. It contained a Biblical reference. Mr. Reed clapped his hands and an old employee of the House ambled to his side.

"What do you wish, Mr. Speaker?" he asked.

"Bring me a copy of the Sacred Writings," Mr. Reed gravely replied, without raising his eyes from the book.

The venerable employee, not comprehending the request, did not stir. He evidently fancied that the Speaker wanted some public document, and finally repeated his question.

"Bring me a copy of the Sacred Writings," said the Speaker in the same monotonous tone of voice, still intently regarding the pages of his book.

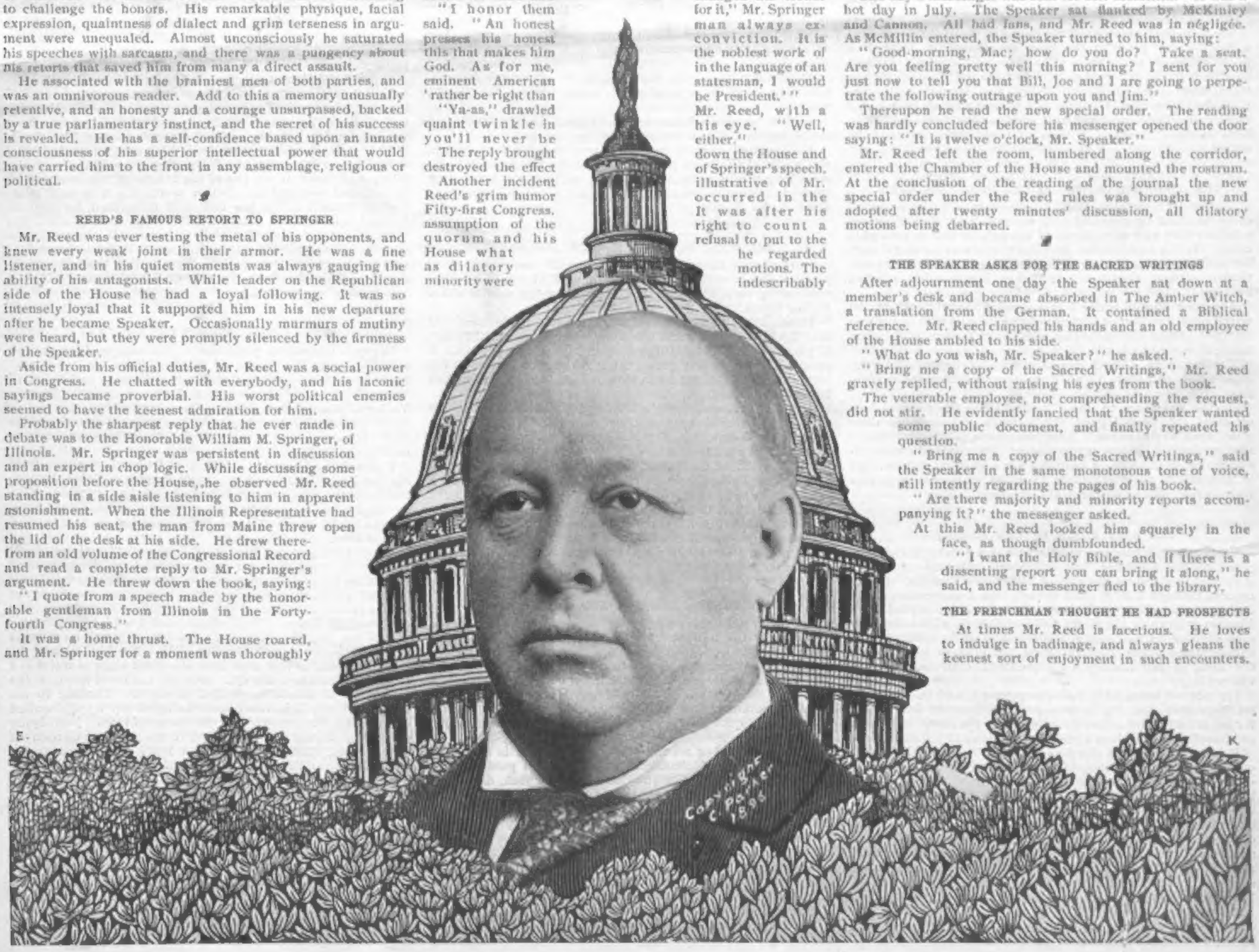
"Are there majority and minority reports accompanying it?" the messenger asked.

At this Mr. Reed looked him squarely in the face, as though dumbfounded.

"I want the Holy Bible, and if there is a dissenting report you can bring it along," he said, and the messenger fled to the library.

THE FRENCHMAN THOUGHT HE HAD PROSPECTS

At times Mr. Reed is facetious. He loves to indulge in badinage, and always gleans the keenest sort of enjoyment in such encounters.



Mr. Seth Milliken, a well-known New York merchant, accompanied him to Paris recently. They had been schoolmates, and undoubtedly they had an enjoyable trip. They separated at Paris, Mr. Milliken returning to New York. A week afterward, an intimate friend of the Speaker in New York City received a letter from Mr. Reed, in which he said that Seth Milliken was on his way back to New York. "If he calls upon you and you will send me a cable prepaid," he added, "I will give him a certificate of character."

In the same letter Mr. Reed said that he had called upon President Loubet and had visited the Corps Legislatif. They treated him so politely and lionized him so completely that he said he feared they thought he had "prospects."

HIS JOKE ON HIS FRIEND PAINE

Colonel Augustus C. Paine, the head of a great paper manufacturing concern, was also a schoolmate of Mr. Reed in Maine. Their friendship has been continuous. Mr. Reed makes the Colonel's house his home when in New York. While on his way to Washington one day the Speaker dropped in upon the Colonel.

"Gus," he said, "I bought some stock in a paper company in Boston and I want it transferred to Susan" (his wife).

"Why, how did you come to buy stock in a paper manufacturing company without consulting me?" the Colonel asked.

"Wa-al," Mr. Reed drawled, "your name was on the certificates, and you are so economical in your business that I was sure it must be a good investment."

The stock was transferred, and a week or two afterward the Speaker again dropped in upon the Colonel. This time he talked in his solemnest and most facetious manner—a manner that is truly and irresistibly inimitable.

"Gus," he said, "I came in intending to take you out and give you a good time, but I've changed my mind. I won't take you from your work. Keep right on working. I have got you now where I always wanted to have you—working—working for me and Susan. Don't go home early, but keep right on working—working for Susan."

Mr. Reed's bluntness while Speaker was at times almost paralyzing.

A Louisiana member at the beginning of the last Congress went to him and frankly said that he would like to be placed on the Committee on Rivers and Harbors. Mr. Reed looked at him very gravely, and finally in a low but thrilling tone of voice asked:

"How much of a steal do you want?"

The reply was evidently not satisfactory, for the member's name did not appear among the names on the committee.

HIS BLUNT WAY OF PROVING FRIENDSHIP

At another time, while Mr. Reed was presiding, a New York member went up to the desk and said:

"Mr. Speaker, I wish you would recognize me for five minutes on the bill under discussion. I know something about it, and there are points that have not been brought out in the debate."

"You think you know something about it," the Speaker returned in a low tone.

"I'm sure I know something about it," was the response. "I was there."

At this Mr. Reed laid down the gavel and gazed reflectively at the Representative. At last he shook his head and said: "Wa-al, I won't recognize you."

"Why not?" asked the New Yorker. "What reason have you for not giving me recognition?"

"A very good reason, indeed," the Speaker answered. "I'm your friend—your true friend—and I'll save you just once from making a durn fool of yourself."

WHY REED KEPT THE CHAIR

Every old Congressman remembers the debate on the McKinley Bill. It ran for a fortnight, night and day. The hot weather heated the participants in the discussion. Among these was the Honorable Joseph H. Walker, of Worcester, Massachusetts. The heat sent streams of perspiration down his face and his shirt-collar began to wilt.

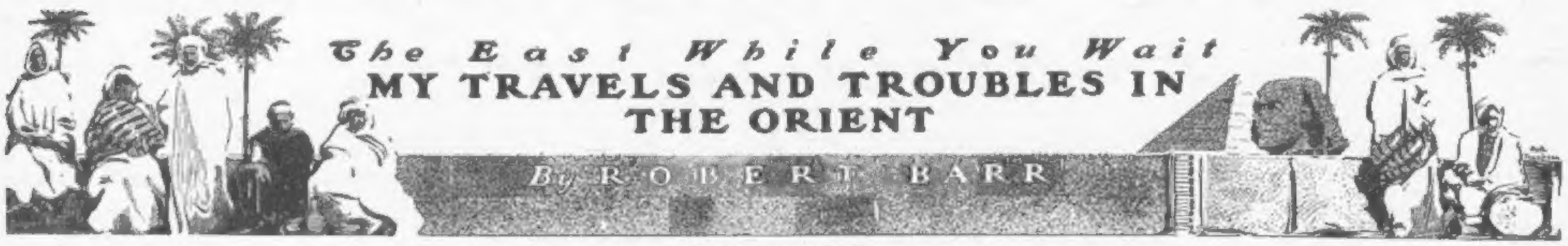
"Take off your coat!" shouted one of his friends.

The suggestion was quickly adopted, and he drew off his double-breasted frock coat, continuing his argument in his shirt-sleeves. The House was in Committee of the Whole and the Speaker was not present.

On the following day Mr. Reed remained in the chair until the hour for lunch had passed. A friend mounted the steps and said: "I thought you always went to lunch at two o'clock. You're a man of regular habits. If they become irregular your health will suffer and the nation may lose a statesman. What's the matter with you?"

"Wa-al," the Speaker replied, "I'll tell you. I'm afraid that if I leave the chair some graceless scamp may get up and take off his trousers. It's a thundering sight hotter to-day than it was yesterday."

Such are some of the tints in the lights and shadows of the career of Thomas B. Reed. He may have his enemies, but none has ever questioned his integrity. With his public life closed he becomes a rare specimen of political bric-à-brac—one beyond the reach of all iconoclasts.



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The Capital of the Religious World

JERUSALEM is remarkable in that it is not only the Holy City of the Christians and the Holy City of the Jews, but also one of the holy cities of the Moslems, ranking next to Mecca and Medina, so it may well be termed the capital of the religious world.

We were first taken to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, a bewildering place at the hour we visited it, for half a dozen religious sects were simultaneously engaged in their devotions in the different portions of the building allotted to them, the Greek Church having the largest and most Cathedral-like chapel, while the Coptic Church worshiped noisily in a little cave, the rocky walls of which were barely high enough to allow a man to stand upright when he entered.

THE CONSTANT CROWDS IN THE HOLY SEPULCHRE

The Holy Sepulchre itself is down in a little, cramped cellar reached by stooping and squeezing through a narrow entrance that was scarcely wide enough for two to pass each other. It is a wonder that the pilgrims venturing therein are not suffocated, for the place is always packed full, is practically without ventilation, and has innumerable candles burning.

A woman fainted while I was there, either through excess of religious emotion or because of the vitiated air, and it was with the utmost difficulty that she could be removed before being trampled to death.

The Protestant Church seems not to be recognized by the authorities, and there is no Protestant chapel near the Holy Sepulchre.

By the entrance to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, on mats, sit, cross-legged, the Turkish guards, with their guns over their knees. They sit there, dark, impassive and motionless, unless a row begins. It would be interesting to know what their opinions are regarding this turmoil of sect which they are there to quell whenever it passes bounds that lead to a breach of the peace.

THE HOLY PLACE OF THE MOSLEMS

From the holy place of the Christians we went to the holy place of the Moslems, the celebrated Mosque of Omar, supposed to stand on the site of Solomon's Temple. It was entered through a long, dark tunnel, like a suggestion of the underground railway. Visitors must be accompanied by a Kawass from their Legation, and the Kawass adds solemnity and dignity to the party. He was a tall, stately man, garbed wonderfully, displaying on the back of his garment the arms of the country he represents, done in gorgeous embroidery.

He wears a formidable half-moon sword, and is, all in all, an impressive-looking personage. He expects five francs for his trouble, and stalks silently beside the party, and is an ornamental rather than a useful appendage of the excursion.

It is not many years since no Christian foot was allowed to enter the sacred precincts of the celebrated mosque; it was death to trespass. But now these relics of barbarism are becoming fewer and fewer on the face of the earth, thanks to the circular tickets, personally conducted parties and the unlimited desire for backsheesh. The stone-paved grounds of the mosque are very extensive, but the mosque itself seems small until you have entered it. At the door the visitor must put on over his boots coarse slippers of sacking, so that the sacredness of the spot may not be desecrated by alien foot. To wear these things is an experience.

The party has a grotesque appearance as it shuffles along with these sacks tied around their feet. Every now and then one slips off and the unfortunate tourist hops about on one foot, fearful of the consequences if he places the sole of his boot on the floor. But nothing particular happens if this is expertly done, for the good-natured custodian of the mosque is always at hand to readjust the sack and accept a fee for doing so.

He did not appear in the least disturbed by any desecration that might have accidentally taken place. Perhaps he enjoyed it.

In fact, he was a humorous individual, and evidently had no bigoted belief in the sanctity of the mosque.

He laughed heartily when he pounded his fists against the walls of the cave beneath, so that the hollow sound produced by the blows would convince us that the great rock under the dome was actually suspended between heaven and earth, as he alleged.

THE ROCK BETWEEN HEAVEN AND EARTH

I asked why they didn't take the wall away and allow people to walk underneath the rock, as that would be more convincing in a skeptical age than even the sound of his hollow blows.

He smiled, and there was a suspicion of a wink as he said that the labyrinth beneath the stone was so interminable that if people were allowed in they would inevitably get lost. I imagine that it is this rock that gives the foundation to the legend about Mohammed's coffin being suspended between heaven and earth.

The coffin rests securely at Medina, and this rock beneath the dome of the Mosque of Omar is, as far as I know, the only material article in the Moslem world that is suspended in the air like a huge balloon.

The legend of the sacred stone is that Mohammed was praying here when he was translated to Heaven. Such a whirlwind did he cause in his ascent that the stone followed him, and the Archangel Michael, seeing that the world was about to lose this holy rock, dropped from Heaven and stayed its progress by pressing his three fingers on it, the indentations made by his fingers being shown to believer and unbeliever alike.

ONLY THREE CENTURIES AND A HALF LEFT

But even this hallowed spot was not allowed to the Moslems by the ubiquitous text-quoting guide. The custodian of the mosque could not understand English, so the guide was quite safe in saying to us:

"That's what *they* think, but *we* know better; read Genesis 22: 1–19. This stone is really Mount Moriah, on the top of which Abraham was about to sacrifice his son."

And so he quoted verse after verse in corroboration of his statement.

Beside the railing around this gigantic stone is a slab of jasper into which Mohammed drove nineteen golden nails, one of which falls out at the close of each epoch, and when the whole nineteen are gone then will come the end of the world. Only three and a half are left, so the conclusion of all things must be much nearer than most people suppose.

The custodian of the mosque told us that the only way by which a Christian could reach Heaven was to place money on each one of these golden nails. This being done by all of our party, the custodian picked up the coins and put them in his pocket, giving us a collective wink.

I have doubts of that Moslem's orthodoxy.

The large Mosque of El-Aksa has nothing of the beauty of the Mosque of Omar, looking more like a warehouse than a sacred temple. It was built as a Christian church by the Emperor Justinian and converted to Moslem usage by the Kalif Omar. On its floor were a great number of new carpets, sent over as a present by the Sultan of Turkey, which seems to indicate that His Majesty is short of money, or that the carpet trade has fallen off tremendously in these later years. The rugs were coarse and crudely colored, and not to be compared with the ancient carpets we saw in other mosques from Cairo to Jerusalem.

Under this mosque are cellars of vast extent, forests of gigantic white pillars supporting the roof. These cellars are called King Solomon's Stables, and the Saracens have used them for housing since Solomon's time. The Arabs hold that these pillars were built by genii, whom Solomon compelled to labor for him. Up above, on a level with the Mosque of Omar, is the site of the throne of Solomon, where he sat and watched his demon workers. It is said that, finding himself dying, the task still unfinished, he propped himself up with his cane in this throne and so died, the workers not knowing that their release had come with his demise. Not until the worms had eaten through the staff so that the body fell forward did they realize that their taskmaster was dead. Over the site of King Solomon's chair a canopy has been erected.

THE RUSSIANS HAVE CAPTURED THE MOUNT OF OLIVES

We quit the sacred precincts of the mosque by a gate on the side facing the Mount of Olives. Here we bade goodby to our picturesque and decorative Kawass and mounted the donkeys provided for us to make an excursion across the Valley of Jehoshaphat, through the village of Bethany, and so up the Mount of Olives, ascending its eastern slope. The title of the mountain is no misnomer, for olives flourish there now as abundantly as of old.

Russia has captured the Mount of Olives as completely as she has Port Arthur, and has built upon it a Greek church, two hospices, and a very tall and extremely ugly tower, such as might be erected at some purely commercial international exhibition. The top is reached by a winding staircase of iron.

The Arabs call the Mount of Olives "The Mountain of Light," because the sun rising behind it as seen from Jerusalem causes the mountain to glow with the wonderful tints of an Eastern sunrise. The view from the Mount of Olives is certainly one of the most striking that the traveler may meet anywhere. To the West, over a wild, hilly country, is seen the rugged banks of the Jordan, although no glimpse is had of the river itself; farther south is the blue disk of the Dead Sea, and in this arid land the mere sight of water is a delicious pleasure to the eye. Beyond the Dead Sea rises the Mountains of Moab, marvelous in color. Turning to the east, the immediate foreground is taken up by the walled city of Jerusalem spread out like a relief map. Journeying down the Mount of Olives we come to the Garden of Gethsemane, inclosed by an iron fence as modern as the Eiffel Tower and as ugly as the Forth Bridge.

MODERN TOURISTS ARE NOT PICTURESQUE

After all, the Turk is a patient man. Anything more ridiculous in this sublime locality than a party of tourists in modern dress, mounted on ridiculous little donkeys that showed an inclination every now and then to run away, the traveler, unaccustomed to such exercise, holding on with much tugging and many shouts, and feeling like a cockney at the seaside, can hardly be imagined. That the Turk does not rise and slaughter the whole speaks much for his long-suffering, if not for his judgment.

Editor's Note—This is the fifth and last paper in Robert Barr's series, Travels and Troubles in the Orient.

Coming around the city up to the Jaffa Gate, we were overtaken by a clattering troop of Arab horsemen, and ragged though the men were, the contrast we presented to them was painfully unflattering to us. The Arabs, seated superbly on their splendid horses, their robes fluttering picturesquely in the wind, their long, ornamental carbines slung over their shoulders, with the fierce but noble expression of their dark countenances, made a notable picture of grace of bearing and poetry of motion. They were doubtless a gang of thieves, but were none the less well worth looking at.

THE GOOD-ROADS QUESTION IN PALESTINE

The road from Bethlehem to Jerusalem is probably the worst that exists on the face of this earth. Nowhere else is an honest contractor and a steam roller needed so badly. The thoroughfare is one continued mass of broken stone, some one having stolen the money that was allotted for the finishing of the roadbed. The Turkish contractor thinks there is little use in leveling a road himself when carriages are compelled to pass over it, which will ultimately accomplish that task. The journey in a carriage takes an hour and a half, and never in a similar time have I heard so many quotations from the Bible. We were on a historic thoroughfare, every foot of which has its record in Holy Writ. The Bible, after all, is still the best guide to Palestine.

BEAUTIFUL BETHLEHEM AND ITS BEAUTIFUL WOMEN

The village of Bethlehem is most beautifully situated, crescent-shaped, on the brow of the hill, looking across a vast undulating country constantly lowering until it reaches the Dead Sea, and then abruptly rising in the Mountains of Moab. Near the northern end of Bethlehem is situated David's Well, about which there is a beautiful story in II Samuel, chapter 23, verses 14 to 17. The well was closed when we arrived at the gate, but a woman living in the house next adjoining invited us to go to the housetop and peer over the inclosure at it, and owing to this kind offer we obtained a view of the interior of a Palestine house.

Passing through a scantily furnished room that served as kitchen, dining and living room, we came out into a courtyard and mounted a flight of steps that led to the roof, which was flat and surrounded by a parapet. It was easy to understand why the housetop was a favorite spot in ancient times, as it is to-day, for here one enjoys to its fullest extent the cool evening air after a hot day.

There wasn't much to see about David's Well, but we sat on the parapet and gazed downward with delight at the charming village of Bethlehem and the chromatic mountains beyond. The five thousand inhabitants of Bethlehem are nearly all Christian, and are much superior as a class than the populace of other places we had visited. Many of the women are strikingly beautiful. It is said that these people are descended from the Crusaders, who once rebuilt Bethlehem, although, like almost every other place in the East, it has been destroyed again and again, the present town being essentially modern. A number of Crusaders, it is alleged, getting tired of crusading, which must have been at times a disappointing occupation, settled down in this beautiful spot, marrying Syrian or Saracenic women.

THE TOMBS OF THE KINGS

Returning to the city, we visited one of the many communities which still exist in and around Jerusalem. Going out by the Damascus Gate, we came to a great excavation known as the Tombs of the Kings. Descending a broad flight of steps which led to a black pool of water, we turned to the left, and passing under a beautifully sculptured lintel we saw the entrance to the Tombs, which was so low that a man had to stoop on hands and knees before going in, after which he found himself in a spacious chamber hewn out of the solid rock. But what struck me as most curious and explanatory was the stone which covered the low mouth of this gigantic tomb; it was shaped like a huge grindstone, perfectly round and perhaps six inches thick. This circular granite disk ran backward and forward in a niche cut for its reception; its runway was so smooth and the stone itself so perfectly rounded that a man of moderate strength could roll it backward and forward, closing the entrance to the tomb or leaving it open at will. When I was a boy at Sunday-school and read of the rolling away of the stone from the Saviour's tomb, I imagined, as probably most other people have done, that the stone was a huge boulder which stopped the entrance to a cave. Here, however, was a true explanation, and at once the text became illumined in my mind in a way it had never been before.

AN EFFORT TO BRING HEAVEN TO EARTH

Passing outward from these Tombs of the Kings, we came to a large square building, which is the home of a community known in Jerusalem as "The Americans," although it now contains people of various nationalities. The house surrounds a fine courtyard, in the centre of which is a fountain, and about the fountain luxuriant tropical foliage. We were ushered into a spacious apartment in which about thirty or forty people, men and women, were assembled, all enjoying a good talk and afternoon tea. The company was certainly a very pleasant one. The object appears to be to do good all around and charge nothing for it. Many rich people have joined, and one of the laws of the society is that all one's wealth belongs to the community. Many of the ladies employ themselves in teaching in the schools, which are entirely free to the pupils. The members are celibates, and do not believe in marriage or giving in marriage. But whatever is the ultimate outcome of the community, or whether they succeed in establishing a Heaven on earth, as is their object, they certainly form a very pleasant and happy appearing family.

A SPECIAL PROVIDENCE

By STANLEY WATERLOO

JUST who are the "salt of the earth" is a disputable question. The title belongs traditionally to a group of that splendid race—the Jews. But it is claimed, also, and on seemingly excellent grounds, by other groups, including a large number of the people of Iowa. Appearances are in their favor, for Iowa was settled by a fine lot of men and women, and their children have not deteriorated.

They were excellent pioneers who came to cross the great river and make a new State, to cut away the forest where it was too dense, to plant trees where the prairie-planted farmhouses and barns needed shelter from wintry blasts, to import cattle, and horses, and sheep, and hogs with blood in them, and to repeat the old exploit of the dominating race in making, somewhere, the desert blossom as the rose. About what is Maxonville alighted one of the groups of men and women, settling down like wild geese upon an area of fertile and well-watered land. Maxonville was not much in evidence when they came, these strong men and women, for only "Old Man" Maxon was living at the forks where the big creek found the little river; but they all settled about, and there were built new homes close to Maxon's, and there came, as the years passed, a church, and a schoolhouse, and a grocery, and dry goods store, and, in time, the prosperous town. The farmers round about prospered, for they had thrift and intelligence and something of the old Covenanters' spirit.

The church Maxonville built offhand and ready for all its uses before they had a preacher was a pride to the sturdy men and believing women, and when the preacher came to them from the East they were more satisfied than ever.

The engagement between the two was at this juncture broken off so squarely that the ends weren't even ragged

There may be something in lonely farm work making one a grim adherent of straight creed. Down behind horses and plow all day long, with only the great blue sky of God above, and only a view of the same sky meeting a green horizon far away and all around; inclosed in this great vault of blue and green, and left alone with one's thoughts, it may be that the eternal problem becomes more earnestly considered, more a part of all the thought and life of a human being than it is to the man of the city, who has his attention distracted every moment from the great, overwhelming presence and pressure. Such effects crystallize. The people of Maxonville and its vicinity were sternly devout—that is, most of them—and their new minister was a fit exponent of their creed.

The minister was tall, dark-haired, clean-shaven, and with brown eyes which were keen chiefly in looking into himself. He had a stern, well-defined mission in religious teaching—as earnest as Ignatius Loyola, stubborn as Oliver Cromwell. He had been through college, and then through one of the strictest of theological schools. He was fit to preach, he felt, as far as mere acquirement of having learned the ways of other preachers; but he knew that the ideas of the world were changing, and that if the world were changing God must be doing it, and so he was at times perplexed. But he came to his little land of prairie flowers, and steer-raising, and honest obstinacy, a fit man for the place. And they said they had a preacher.

It is doubtful if any village of three hundred people in the United States, from Montpelier to San Diego, from Portland to St. Augustine, has not one pretty girl or more. Maxonville had a number of pretty girls, and one of them was more than pretty; she was beautiful.

Deacon Conant was the leading man of the church of the new town. He was a man who had succeeded, because of brains and energy, in managing his two or three farms, but he does not figure in this account save that he was the father of Jane Conant. His blood had gone into her, and it was pretty good blood, too. The preacher had fallen in love with her and she with him. Preachers and girls would not be good for much if they did not do that sort of thing occasionally.

Here was an ideal relation of things, or what should have been an ideal one. What could have been finer than that there should have come into a growing town in a growing region a stalwart, almost fanatical builder-up of faith, who should find a fitting partner in the daughter of the chief man of the locality, and that from the union so buttressed all around should come great results? There was but one obstacle in the way of this perfect combination, and the obstacle was in the woman. It is astonishing how women will nibble at apples and learn things, from Eve down! This particular young woman had graduated from one of the most cleverly conducted of Eastern colleges for girls, and she had views. Not only did she have views, but she had views in the face of her religious teacher, of the man whom she respected for his earnestness and loved for himself. They were intensely happy for a while after their engagement—as becomes strong souls getting close together in such relationship—but with nearer relationship came necessarily more vehement and unguarded interchange of thought, and—sad the day!—they differed, and differed seriously, upon a matter of belief.

A part of the belief of John Elwell, the preacher, was an implicit confidence in the manifestation at times of what we call a "special providence." One of the ideas of the young woman, deeply religious though she was, was an utter disbelief in this same thing—that is, a disbelief that God sometimes makes an exception, and, instead of working through the laws of the Nature which He has instituted, produces a direct result having the quality of what we are accustomed to call a miracle.

The two discussed the matter together very often after they came close together, as lovers may. The first time they debated there came a little wedge between them as thin as tissue paper abraded to an end. Next time the wedge grew larger, and below where it ended there was a cleft reaching down to anywhere. The third time there was a split broad and well defined, and the engagement was broken.

"My dear, I do believe in special providences; I do believe that earnest prayer will bring results in certain cases, justifiable in themselves."

"I do not."

"Why?"

"Because I believe that the whole thing—and I am only a girl talking, I don't know what you call it—is just a belief and taken on trust. What would you think of going down to the mill there and asking the miller to make one bag of flour coarse in the midst of all his business? The miller is giving us bread for our physical life, and he knows best how to do it, at least as compared with the rest of us. I know that this is all a poor simile, a poor comparison, but I can't help it."

Now, even an earnest preacher is human, and a great many girls—though the healthy among us call them angels—are human. The engagement between the two was at this juncture broken off so squarely that the ends weren't even ragged, though there was left a possible sequence, not altogether black as midnight—a vague hope in the heart of each that the future might have something to it. This brought a few words more before they parted.

Said the girl: "Show me a case of special providence and I will believe with you. It must be—it cannot possibly be otherwise—than that there should in some way, somehow, come an opportunity for showing that you are right and I wrong."

The pale-faced man's eyes were burning as he looked at her.

"The day will come!" he said.

Time passed, and the two worked together in social and church relations, but there was no more talk of marriage. It was one day in mid-July, a year after the conversation just described, when John Elwell was talking earnestly from his pulpit, and Jane Conant was one of the congregation.

The preacher talked well that day—there is no denying it. He talked in a simple, straightforward but wonderfully eloquent way of how the quality of one's relation to others in this world must make easy or uneasy the path toward what is the better habitation after death. He told of the duties of the successful to the unsuccessful, of the strong to the weak; and he told, too, of how, even in this world, each man's mind is accuser or justifier, and how, even in this world, come rewards or punishments, and how to him with faith enough should come immediate returns. With glowing face he even went aside a little to speak of those who talk too much of Nature and the Universe, and who believe that a general scheme is as true and strong and believable as one more definite—"'He noteth the sparrow's fall,'" he said.

It was sultry within the church, and all seemed lifeless, though hearts were beating rapidly under the preacher's eloquence. There seemed no oxygen in the air; all was oppressive. There was no sound as the speaker closed a long and telling sentence, save the slight "swish" as a locust alighted on the sill of an open window. There was sound enough a moment later.

Through the open doorway leaped a young man who shouted but one word:

"Cyclone!"

At the exclamation breaking in thus on the religious stillness perhaps one-fourth of the congregation started to their feet and rushed into the open air, but the three-fourths remained in their seats as if paralyzed. The preacher paused, looked about, and then with almost shining face spoke solemnly:

"My friends, we are threatened with one of the visitations which God sometimes sends, but which, it is my earnest belief, cannot harm those who believe in Him right, and appeal to Him most trustingly. Let us pray that the cyclone will avoid this church."

They knelt together, preacher and congregation, and strong and trustful and appealing was the pastor's prayer. His clear voice did not falter in the eloquent appeal, and those who knelt felt confidence and a glorified pride in the attitude taken in an awful hour. Men came rushing to the doorway crying aloud upon all within to make the attempt at escape to a safer place, but there was no response, no sound save that of the preacher's uplifted voice. There was a roar and rumble in the far southwest and a half darkness was approaching. As the sound outside increased, the voice of the preacher became less audible, but the spellbound and trusting congregation did not move. Among the women was still Jane Conant.

The rumble became a roar, the roar an ear-splitting, paralyzing blast, and then—chaos! In blackness, with its steeple, its roof, its whole upper part torn away and leaving but an uncovered brick rectangle, ten or fifteen feet in height, remained what was of the church in Maxonville. With the blackness came a torrent; the interior of the rectangle became a flooded space, within which men and women waded, and floundered, and shouted, and shrieked, and felt for each other, and feared, almost, that the world was ended. Then, gradually, the flood ceased, and daylight

came again, and the drenched creatures within what was left of the church—by what seemed a miracle there had been none injured—emerged upon the greenery about. Among them was the preacher. He spoke to no one. He had worn a straw hat when he came to the church, and had found it somehow. It had been wetted and crushed, and now hung down upon each side of his head grotesquely. He was a sodden, queer creature who looked neither to the right nor to the left. But there was thought in him still. He lifted his face to Heaven and thanked God that all had been preserved, but said no other word. He walked drippingly along the sidewalk and then turned down a lane which led into the country.

One and one-fourth miles—estimated conventionally as the crow flies—from the town of Maxonville was the farm of John Dent. It was not a large farm; it was, in fact, but a quarter of a quarter-section, which means forty acres; but acres have nothing to do with ideas. John Dent, though he had only a little farm, worked hard and lived reasonably well, and had a standing, and knew the preacher well, and debated one important question with him frequently. It was this same question of special providence, and the attitude of John Dent was, though in a man's way, identical with that of Jane Conant, the preacher's lost sweetheart. The preacher wondered at this sometimes. He wondered how it was that this gifted girl and this obstinate, deep-thinking farmer should so chance to decide alike. Of course all this was before the cyclone.

Down at the bottom of his heart John Dent was a little sentimental. His father and mother had come to the small farm before him. They were dead now, as well as certain sisters and brothers, and they were buried in a little private graveyard on the farm, around which the beeches grew thickly and from which the ground sloped gently into a laughing creek. There was not much surplus left at the end of each year of the product of John Dent's farming, and the surplus had more channels for immediate and demanding distribution than it could supply, still John Dent thought that some day he would put up a neat little brick monument in that graveyard—a somewhat unusual form of monument—but that was Dent's idea. He was going to have a cone-shaped thing about fifty feet high. The spire of the church at Maxonville was of brick and was cone-shaped.

The cyclone had passed. A preacher had gone down a lane thinking the thoughts which come to a clean Christian man in a surprising and inspiriting emergency. A fair young woman had gone home crying over what was where her heart was, and Mr. John Dent had seen a cyclone come and miss his place by about forty rods, and had also seen an out-flinging and eccentric wing of that same cyclone deposit, just in the proper place in the burying-ground of his family, a perfectly conelike monument, such as he had been dreaming of for the last quarter of a century. It was all queer and out of the common, and was hard to explain; it is not attempted here, for this is only the story of what happened within an hour or two on a certain afternoon in Iowa.

"CYCLONE"

This is going back to the preacher. He walked fast and he walked far, and found himself deep in the country. He was at least clean and honest in all he thought; he was a good man, yet he was troubled to the depths of his being. "I have prayed to God," he said to himself, "and He has refused me. The cyclone didn't turn away from the church! Is the woman I love right, and am I wrong? Is there a broader and greater scheme of being wherein I should be a trusting and unquestioning instrument rather than one who demands and is a special suppliant? I will see Jane," he said in his great strait. "I feel that she may aid me."

He met the woman that night; he went to her house and found her there, and found, too, that as she was, being a dear woman, she had but vague views either on special providences or anything else in particular, all being absorbed in anxiety as to his own health and welfare. She was but a loving, frightened creature, harried over what might have happened to the man who through all the months of silence and separation had been all there was in the world to her. He had come half intending to admit himself all in error, but soon all had been lost in the mere performance of a good man and a good woman blending. And the evening passed. Then when the next day came, the two, now understanding, walked out into the country.

It was in that wonderful hour after the summer sunset, when all the world is filled with light and the heavens are tinted with opalescent colors from an unseen source, and some vagrant vesper sparrow is still singing, that John Elwell and Jane Conant stood in John Dent's little family graveyard, looking soberly at the transplanted church steeple. It stood there, its base plumb east and west, north and south, as if calculated with all the niceties of the Ancient Order; at its foot the quiet grass-grown graves, while all around stretched clover meadows and the cornfields.

"I feel like borrowing a phrase from the Mohammedans," said the minister, "or just the beginning of one, then saying no more: 'God is great!'"

The girl's summer bonnet hung back over her shoulders, its pink strings loosely tied under her chin. She looked comprehendingly at the minister, but she said nothing.

"I have been narrow," continued the minister, "but God is great."

Coming across the clover field they saw John Dent, and the two went to the white picket fence around the graveyard, which he had built and cared for, and stood at its little gate to meet him.

"Mr. Dent," said the minister, when he had shaken the farmer's hand, and as they all turned to look at the steeple-top, "I have had a lesson, and I must acknowledge that it was needed. Our vision is limited, and we often know not even how to pray! I am content to leave all to God, nor to wrestle for His special interposition in my behalf. The doctrine of special providences is presuming—of the earth, earthy. I see that now."

"Well, I don't know," said John Dent; "I didn't exactly pray for it, but I've always wanted a monument to my folks here. Sometimes I thought it was vain and worldly minded in me, but I couldn't give it up. I wanted that monument just about as high as the end of the steeple stands, just about that shape, too, more than anything in this world. I couldn't see my way clear to getting it. I couldn't afford to build one—and here it is! I don't know as I quite agree with you now, parson, concerning special providences!"

BOOMING THE FIRST REPUBLICAN PRESIDENT

A Talk With Abraham Lincoln's Friend, the Late Joseph Medill

By H. I. Cleveland

JOSEPH MEDILL was one of the twelve men who laid the foundations of the present Republican party. He was the first public man of Illinois to have an intimate acquaintance with Abraham Lincoln, and through his diplomatic control of the Ohio delegation in the National Convention of 1860 is believed to have been the one man most responsible for the nomination of Lincoln for President. He was intimately associated with Lincoln during the dramatic period of the Civil War, and often stated that up to the time of the Chicago fire of 1871, when his library was destroyed, he possessed more authentic unpublished matter in regard to Lincoln than any other living American.

Owing to the destruction of his library by fire, Mr. Medill had declined, although often solicited, to write a life of Lincoln, asserting that he would not trust to his memory where there was no other proof existing for what he might say. The only lengthy statement as to his relations with Lincoln which he ever made for publication was given at his residence in Chicago some time before his death, and this statement was never published. Mr. Medill dictated the interview, subsequently read and corrected the transcribed notes, and from them, as approved by him, these stories of Lincoln are taken.

"Mr. Lincoln," said Mr. Medill, "was the greatest story-teller in the world. Chauncey Depew was nothing to him. Mr. Lincoln's stories always had a peculiar flavor of their own, and one that for shrewd, homely wit has rarely been surpassed. The slang word 'chestnut' was not invented then, but we knew the meaning of it, and no 'chestnuts' were allowed. If a man began to tell one Lincoln would interrupt:

"'Come now,' he would say, 'I don't come up here to hear old stories.'

LINCOLN'S FIRST VISIT TO THE EDITORIAL ROOM

"Then, if a new one was not forthcoming, he would tell it himself. It was a spring day in 1855 when Mr. Lincoln and myself first met. The editorial establishment of the Chicago Tribune consisted then of a single room. Into this room came a very tall, remarkably thin man. His legs were absurdly long and slender, and he had enormous hands and feet. He carried in one hand a carpet-bag three or four feet long, and so deep that, tall as he was, it barely cleared the floor. He glanced along the editorial table to the editor's chair, and in a drawling, high-keyed voice asked a young man who occupied that throne:

"'Can you tell me when I can see Doctor Ray?'

"Doctor Ray was editor in-chief, but was not in.

"'Well,' continued the visitor, 'may I ask if you are the new editor from Cleveland—McDill, or Medill, or something?'

"'I am Mr. Medill, the new editor,' the young man, or rather myself, answered.

"'Well, I guess you'll do just as well.'

"I asked with some asperity:

"'Please tell me whom I have the pleasure of addressing.'

"'Well'—this drawling expletive for the third time—'Well, down on the Sangamon River they used to call me Abraham Lincoln. Now they generally call me Old Abe, though I ain't so very old, either.'

"'Old Abe' was already a name to conjure with in Illinois, and all the more so in the office of a newspaper which had just been stoutly engaged in Mr. Lincoln's gallant, if unsuccessful, struggle against Douglas for the Senatorship. Whatever clouds may have overhung the beginning of the interview were forthwith dispelled.

"'I'm in a hurry,' said Lincoln, 'but I ran up to subscribe for your paper. I can't get it regularly down our way, so I borrow it from a neighbor. But sometimes he lends it before I get around. Now I want to pay for six months,' and he pulled from the cavernous pockets of his jeans a pocketbook, untied the strap and counted out four dollars. I took the money—there was no pride in those days to separate the editor from the counting-room—and wrote a receipt on a sheet of 'copy' paper. This document Mr. Lincoln thrust into his pocket, remarking as he did so:

"'I like your paper; I didn't like it before you boys took hold of it; it was too much of a know-nothing sheet.'

"From this he drifted into conversation. I noted that he had a sharper faculty for asking questions than for answering them. His reserve as to himself was impregnable. He asked me many questions as to the politicians of Ohio, whom he seemed to know with a surprising degree of accuracy. How were Giddings and Chase, and the young John Sherman? What of the beginnings of the new (Republican) party? When I finished answering him he abruptly said:

"'Well, I guess I'm something of a Seward Whig myself.'

"From that day until his death I enjoyed a peculiar and close intimacy with Mr. Lincoln."

THE FORMATIVE PERIOD OF LINCOLN'S LIFE

There was a pause in the interview, after which the close relations of the famous editor with Mr. Lincoln during the war were recalled. It was Mr. Medill who went to Washington to insist that Lincoln issue the Emancipation Proclamation, but Lincoln held that the time for it had not arrived. He felt that he needed a victory of the Union forces to make such an instrument have its full effect upon the country.

Mr. Medill's brother, a Major in the Army, was shot at Gettysburg, and Mr. Medill hurried to him. There he met Hannibal Hamlin, and together they framed a dispatch to the President asking him to instruct General Meade to follow up his victory, and Mr. Medill afterward heard that the President had done this, although there is no copy of his message in the records at Washington.

But it was not on this period, nor the event of Gettysburg, that Mr. Medill cared just then to dwell. He returned to what he chose to call the "formative" period of Lincoln's life. He was fourteen years younger than Lincoln, and was known to all the great politicians of the country, especially to the anti-slavery leaders of Ohio and the Western States. At that time Lincoln had sat in the House and made one unsuccessful contest for the Senate, but his great career was

just dawning, and in its development Mr. Medill was most conspicuous. Their intimacy was unique and lasting.

Before Mr. Medill went to Chicago, and while he was still in newspaper work in Cleveland, he set out to unite the Whigs and Free-Soilers in one party, in opposition to the third, the Democratic party; and the end of the contest, which was bitterly waged by each faction, was the death of the Whig party in Ohio. Then it was that Mr. Medill's work in the formation of a new organization was done. He told the complete story for the first time in this conversation:

THE BEGINNINGS OF THE REPUBLICAN PARTY

"The preliminary meeting occurred one night in March, 1854, in the office of the Cleveland Leader, of which I was editor. I sent out invitations to men, in all the parties, whom I thought I could trust, and about twenty of them responded, including Salmon P. Chase. The main part of the discussion concerned the name. Chase argued for 'Free Democracy,' but I held my own, and about midnight a vote was taken and two-thirds of those present assented to my proposition, which was reduced to form about this: Name of the new party: National Republican. Platform: No more slave States; no more slave territory; resistance to pro-slavery aggression; slavery is sectional; liberty is national.

"The platform was written in part by myself and in part by Rufus Spaulding, and the last two clauses were by John C. Vaughn. Before adjourning, a public meeting was called. When the name and platform were agreed upon there were just twelve of the men in the room of the twenty who had come.

"It is not strictly true," said Mr. Medill, "that we were the first to announce in public the new party and the new name; but it is a fact that none of these other meetings in any State antedated our little gathering in the Leader office in March, 1854.

"Salmon P. Chase was never reconciled to his defeat about the name. He came to me afterward to persuade me to change the name. 'I tell you now,' he said, 'you must change that name or I won't go with you; and I'll get my friends to withdraw and keep out of it.' Chase came in when he couldn't help himself, but he grumbled for years, and finally went back to the Democratic party, to which in spirit he belonged all of the time. He admired the form of the loose Greek federation rather than that of the firm and compact Roman Republic. And that, I think, has been the real basis of every defection from the Republican party—not the tariff or any such issue, but the question of the relative rights and powers of the States. It was the name which drew the party together, and when that name is gone there won't be much to hold the party together.

"The honor of giving birth to the Republican party ought to be divided between Steve Douglas and myself. I began by preaching the death of the Whig party in my little Whig paper; Douglas hastened it by pulling down the bars and letting the South into the free territory. The North united under the name of the National Republican party to drive them out of it."

Shortly after Mr. Medill's arrival in Chicago he was made secretary of the Republican State Central Committee. He was secretary, also, of the "Underground Road" society, whose business it was to ship men (and arms, as well) to "Bleeding Kansas" to fight the battles led by John Brown. This work he subsequently resigned to Horace White. Meantime he took brave part in the editorial work, which speedily made of the Tribune the leading Republican paper of the West. There it was that, whenever Mr. Lincoln came to Chicago on legal or political business, he would make of the Tribune office a rendezvous for meeting his friends.

MR. LINCOLN'S UNREPORTED MASTERPIECE

In May, 1856, the first Republican State Convention was held at Bloomington, Illinois, and Mr. Medill was there as a reporter and a delegate. Mr. Lincoln came also, and by chance delivered what Mr. Medill termed "the most eloquent speech of his life."

"After a full ticket had been nominated," said Mr. Medill, "there came a season of speech-making. Among the speakers was W. C. Lovejoy, and when he finished a cry went up for Lincoln. The convention was held in a church, and Lincoln sat in the back part of the meeting-place. He got up as his name was called, and came forward with a giraffe-like lope—he never walked straight, like other men—and stood in front of the pulpit. After he had spoken a few sentences the delegates shouted to him to get into the pulpit. He did so, and there finished his speech.

"It is the regret of my life that this speech of Lincoln's was not preserved. It was easily his greatest, and very likely it was the first of the series of events which made him President. I have often tried to reproduce it from memory. Once, at the request of the late Thorndyke Rice, of the North American Review, I attempted to reduce my recollections to paper, but I failed. I had to give it up. I will tell you how the speech came to be lost. Lincoln, after he had mounted the pulpit, began something like this:

"'Gentlemen of the convention: I am not here as a delegate; I have no credentials, and might be called an interloper. But you have given me a "call" to speak, and, like a Methodist minister, I have responded.

"'A few of us got together in my office at Springfield yesterday and elected ourselves sympathetic visitors to this convention. We have no Republican party in Springfield. I foresee perturbations that will tax the wisest of men to keep American citizens from embruing their hands in the blood of their brothers.'

"Then he drew a picture of slavery, and delivered the most terrible invective upon that institution I ever heard. I remember he said at the close: 'Come what will, you may count on Abraham Lincoln to the bitter end.'

"I do not pretend to remember more. When the speech was finished I found myself standing on the top of the table shouting and yelling like one possessed. I had no notes. My fellow-reporters were in the same fix. The speech was not reported and never can be. There were but two shorthand reporters in Illinois at that time. I went back to Chicago and hired one of them for the Tribune. He was 'Bob' Hitt, since better known as the Honorable Robert Hitt, Congressman from Illinois, and long Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Affairs."

WHY LINCOLN CONCLUDED TO "SAY SOMETHING"

Mr. Medill recalled Lincoln's speech, in the Representative's Hall at Springfield, that became famous for its radicalism—the speech that called for the extinction of slavery as a thing in itself "radically wrong." The utterances were far ahead of the public thought of the day, but knowing Lincoln as he did, Mr. Medill felt that a deliberate motive lay behind what he had said. Visiting at the White House during the war, Mr. Medill found the President in a mood favorable to confidence, and squarely put the question:

"Why did you deliver that radical speech at the State House?"

Mr. Lincoln exclaimed, "Oh!" Then, relapsing into reserve, he put the counter-question:

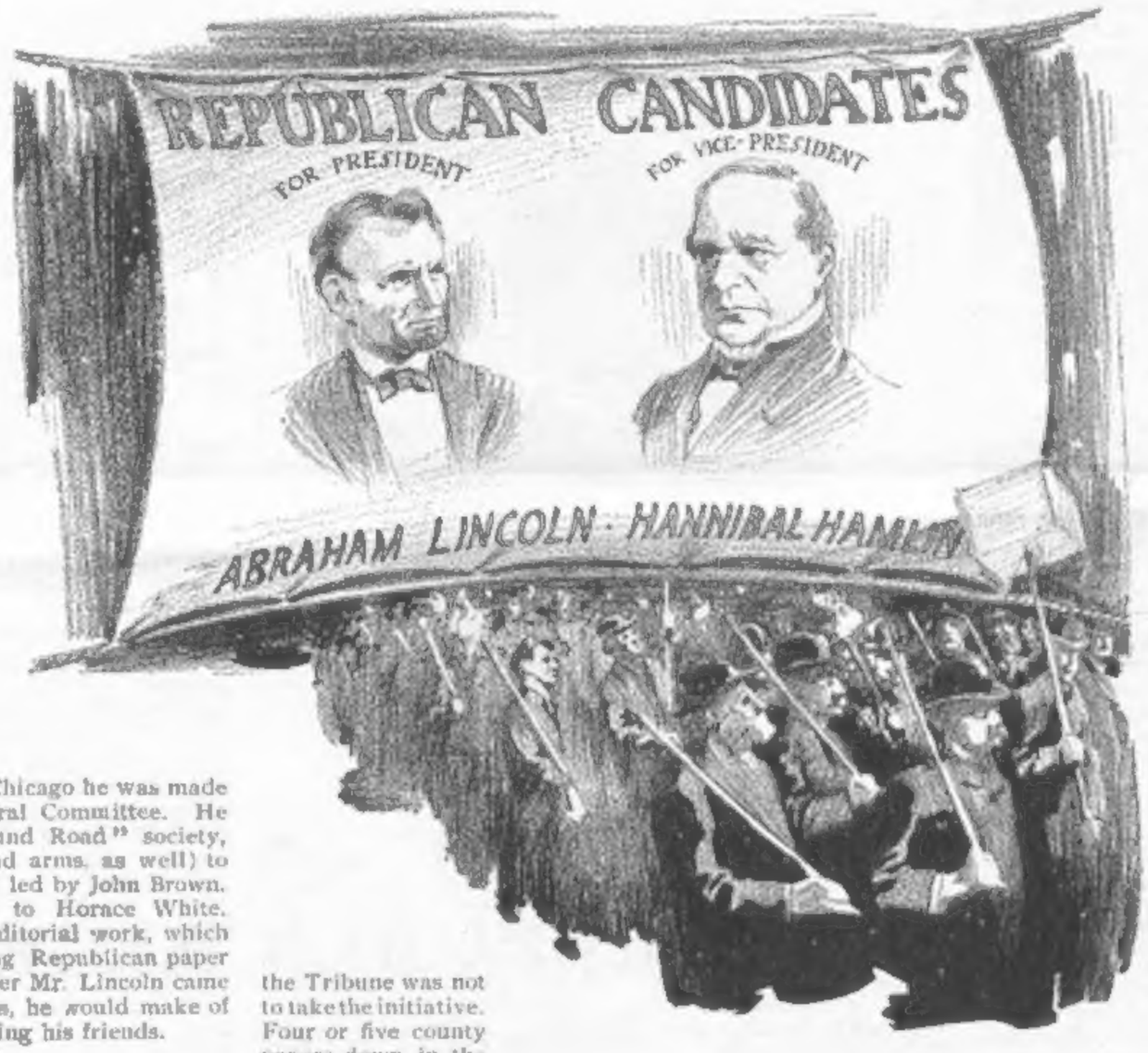
"What do you think was the reason?"

Receiving no answer he then said:

"Well, after you fellows had got me into that mess and began tempting me with offers of the Presidency, I began to think, and I made up my mind that the next President of the United States would need to have a stronger anti-slavery platform than mine. So I concluded to say something."

After he had made this disclosure, Mr. Lincoln seemed alarmed at what he had said, and exacted a promise from Mr. Medill not to repeat the information. And Mr. Medill never told until the time of this interview.

The campaign which made it possible for Lincoln to be first nominated for President was planned in the office of the Chicago Tribune by Mr. Medill and the State Central Committee, of which he was secretary. It was arranged that Lincoln's name was to be "mentioned" by the press, but the Tribune was not to take the initiative. Four or five county papers down in the old Whig belt were to broach the subject; then a paper in Springfield was to take it up; then another, say in Rock Island or Champaign, until in due time the "boom" was to reach Chicago. This plan was duly carried out.



The committee arranged Lincoln's trip to New York and his Cooper Union speech. Mr. Lincoln wrote that speech in Springfield, took it to Chicago and left it with Mr. Medill and Doctor Ray for correction, saying:

"You boys read that through and make such changes as you think ought to be made."

"We went over it," said Mr. Medill, "and made some marginal notes suggesting changes. He took our notes to his hotel. A few of them he adopted; the others he threw away. He generally had his mind made up before he asked for advice, and he was not an easy man to swerve."

When the time came for the Tribune to take up Lincoln's name for the Presidency, Mr. Medill went to Washington.

MR. MEDILL'S LIVELY MEETING WITH SEWARD

"We were not very rich," he said, "and my office was under my hat. I stopped at Willard's, where were John A. Bingham, of Ohio, and Hannibal Hamlin. Before writing my Lincoln letters home I preached him among the Congressmen. At length I sent in a ringing Lincoln letter. It was the first written east of the Alleghanies mentioning Lincoln for President. When the Tribune arrived in Washington with this letter all the Seward Congressmen 'jumped on' me.

"On my way to a reception to be given to the British Minister by Seward, I met Seward himself. He tapped me on the shoulder and, calling me into a room, commenced:

"'Medill, you have stunned me. I've read that letter in which you advocate Lincoln for President in preference to me, giving reasons that are wide of the truth; saying that I haven't the strength Lincoln has, and would be defeated as Fremont was, and that your man Lincoln out there on the prairies can carry the essential States. Do you mean that?'

"I assured him that I did mean it. He retorted:

"'I consider this a personal insult. I had always counted on you as one of my boys. Henceforth you and I are parted. The golden chain is broken. I defy you to do your worst. I know three papers in your town that are with me, and I shall never trust you again.'

"He was as good as his word," Mr. Medill continued. "I met him often afterward, but he never gave me more than a formal bow. Lincoln knew all about the episode, for I had told him, but he never referred to it by word or look."

Mr. Medill kept on writing from Washington, and every time he met Lincoln the candidate would say:

"See here! You boys have got me up a peg too high. How about the Vice-Presidency—won't that do?"

Mr. Medill replied:

"When you go to the theatre always buy a box ticket, because with that you can sit anywhere; but if you buy a pit ticket you must sit in the pit or go out."

"How do you apply that?" asked Lincoln.

"Easily. If you must 'come down a peg,' it will be mighty easier later on. The Seward fellows would jump at the chance. But now it is President or nothing."

"But how am I going to get the nomination? What States can I carry?" persisted Mr. Lincoln.

MEDILL'S RUSE THAT HELPED TO NOMINATE LINCOLN

He took pencil and paper and began to "tot" up his prospects, and the result was encouraging. It was still more encouraging when the Republican Convention of 1860 met in the Wigwam at Chicago. The arrangement of the seats of the delegates was in charge of Mr. Medill and Norman B. Judd. As the final arrangement contributed to Lincoln's nomination, Mr. Medill told of it with the comment:

"It was the meanest trick I ever did in my life. New York was for Seward, and the isolation of its delegates was desired by the Lincoln men. Pennsylvania was the most important doubtful State. It followed that the New York delegates were seated at one end of the vast hall with no State for neighbor that was not hopelessly for Seward. At the other end of the hall, so far away that the voices of the Seward orators could scarcely be heard, was placed Pennsylvania. Between Pennsylvania and New York were placed the Lincoln delegates from Illinois, also those of Indiana and New Jersey.

"I took my seat among my old friends of the Ohio delegation, but Joshua R. Giddings without ceremony ordered me out. My friends came to my rescue; we had a nice little argument, and I stayed. After the second ballot, I whispered to Carter, of Ohio:

"'If you can throw the Ohio delegation for Lincoln, Chase can have anything he wants.'

"'H—how d—d'ye know?' stuttered Carter.

"'I know, and you know I wouldn't promise if I didn't know.'

"So Carter got up and announced eighteen or nineteen votes of Ohio for Lincoln. Giddings challenged the vote, but on the poll it was found that Carter hadn't 'nigged' more than one or two votes. That settled the nomination of Lincoln. I have always believed that the way the delegates were seated in that convention had a great deal to do with this nomination."

ONE OF LINCOLN'S YARNS

The last interview of Mr. Medill with Lincoln took place in the midst of Grant's final campaign against Lee. Mr. Medill was in Washington and was called to the White House by the President. The editor had been at the front with Grant, and Lincoln desired a circumstantial account of his observations. He gave them, and then in turn asked for news of Sherman.

"'I can't tell you exactly where Sherman is,' replied the President, 'but I know where he ought to be and what he ought to be doing. The last time I heard from Sherman,' he said, holding up one of his huge hands for a map and pointing to it with the forefinger of the other, 'he had his artillery here, and his infantry here, and his horse here, and expecting to bring them all together here. Now, when he does that he'll—but that reminds me of the horse-dealer in Kentucky who got baptized in the river. He asked to be immersed the second time. The preacher demurred, but the horse-jockey prevailed. When he came up from the second ducking he gasped: "There, now! Now, the devil may go to hell!"'

"I left the room laughing, and never saw Lincoln again."

MEDILL'S ESTIMATE OF LINCOLN

At the conclusion of this interview, which was the only one of its nature that Mr. Medill ever granted, he gave his impressions of Lincoln in this language:

"He has grown upon me. I find in comparing him with other men that he was even greater than we thought him—greatest of them all. He was not a learned man. He had not read many books, but those he had read he had swallowed and digested. Lincoln's knowledge was clear and positive. Before he became President he had well grounded himself in the history of America and our Constitution. He knew Washington as a statesman, and was thoroughly versed in the statesmanship of Hamilton, which he absorbed, while he rejected the whole theory of Jeffersonianism.

"I once asked Mr. Lincoln why he had called his enemies and rivals into his Cabinet, and he replied:

"'We needed the strongest men of the party in the Cabinet. We needed to hold our own people together. I had looked the party over and concluded that these were the very strongest men. Then I had no right to deprive the country of their services.'

"His Cabinet was not all loyal to him, but I am sure, though he knew this, that he did not suffer it to swerve him from his purpose. But he was one of the few mortals born of women who could do such things."

Mr. Medill survived Lincoln thirty-four years, dying late this last winter.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" That are making HISTORY

Seventeen Thousand Men Added to the Strength of the Army

Under the new order of the War Department ten new regiments are being recruited in this country and two are being formed in the Philippines. The enlistments are until June 30, 1901, unless sooner discharged. Heretofore such soldiers would have been State Volunteers, as they were in the war with Spain, but now they are United States Volunteers, the State lines not being observed. About 17,000 men will thus be added to the military establishment, and the most of them are for the Philippines, where General Otis is waiting to crush the remnants of the rebellion. The rainy season will continue for almost the rest of the year, and it is not expected that much warfare will be attempted until January. When the campaign begins, however, it is the purpose to push it to a prompt close.

In the appointments of the hundreds of new officers for the new regiments the political scandals of a year ago have been avoided and efficiency has been the test. In many cases the favors are as rewards for good services. It has been pointed out that the volunteers are showing up nobly in the present Army organization. Only two of nine general officers, only three of heads of staff departments and staff corps, and only nine of the forty-two Colonels of the line are West Pointers, but in the new appointments West Pointers abound.

The Captain of the Ship and His Great Responsibility

There was no explanation of the stranding of the Mohegan, one of the most awful disasters in the history of the seas, because all the officers lost their lives and there was no one to tell why the ship had gone so far out of her course. Captain Griffith was the commodore of the fleet, and a man of fine reputation, both personal and professional. It was a striking coincidence that sent the Paris upon the same rocks, but in this case the circumstances were more fortunate, as all the lives were saved. Thus we now know what caused it. Captain Watkins, one of the ablest and best-trusted of commanders, in a letter which caused his suspension as master of ocean steamers for two years, shouldered all the blame. "I regret to say," he wrote, "that the casualty was owing to an unaccountable error on my part," which error was a miscalculation of time, because he mistook lighthouses eighteen miles apart.

After the Mohegan disaster much was said about the danger of intrusting the guidance of the ship entirely to one man, however able or experienced he might be. There is in England a well-defined movement for a law compelling a double responsibility, so that in the case of one man making a mistake the other may correct him. The admission of Captain Watkins is doing not a little to help this idea along.

Monsieur Jules Cambon Receives Some of the Rewards of the Peacemaker

Harvard had just conferred the degree of Doctor of Laws upon M. Jules Cambon, the French Ambassador, when he received a pleasant letter from Honorable John Hay, the Secretary of State, conveying the President's compliments and asking him to accept a beautiful loving-cup, than which none handsomer has ever been made in this country. With it were words of the warmest friendship and praise. It was a fitting climax to the honors that had gone before.

Then, too, there is, or there will be, something much more substantial for the peace-making service which he did. For instance, in the boundary-line dispute between Argentina and Chili, William J. Buchanan, the Minister of the United States to the Republic of Argentina, solved the problem so successfully—thereby preventing war—that the countries voted him $100,000, which he may accept if Congress approves. Much greater were the interests between Spain and the United States, and although the exact sum for the work may never be stated, it ought to be handsome enough to make M. Cambon reasonably comfortable the rest of his life. Other compensations have followed, and no diplomatist of the latter part of the century has had better fortune than this gifted Frenchman who has been called the world's peacemaker.

Continuous Congresses Will Mark the Paris Exposition

During the Paris Exposition there will be over a hundred congresses of all sorts, kinds, tongues and conditions, comprehending everything from a bacillus to the universe itself. There will be a great hall, two-thirds on land and one-third on water, with vast galleries and such arrangements that thousands can be meeting at once. For instance, the 7000 members of the Congress of Medicine will be divided into twenty-three sections, and not only will each be taken care of, but the members will all be entertained and will have special opportunities for visiting the Paris schools and hospitals. This illustrates the whole proposition. It shows that Paris is doing everything to get the world to visit her next year, and that she will exhibit all her varied interests to the millions that attend her end-of-the-century show. The attendance promises to be enormous.

Washington a World Capital

Washington will never again have a long vacation. Now that we have become a world power on which the sun never sets, and are more or less entangled with all the other world powers, our Government, like theirs, must be always on duty. Most of its officers, from the President down, must not only work harder, but more constantly than ever before. The President's telegraph room, adjoining his office at the White House, is illustrative of the change in Washington conditions which was one of the unforeseen consequences of the explosion of the Maine. When the Government was awakened by Captain Sigsbee's terrible news that night, it was, so to speak, awakened to sleep no more.

Eternal vigilance is the price of empire, as well as of liberty. By the time the Spanish War began the President felt that he must be personally and immediately, at all hours, in touch with our representatives, military, naval and diplomatic. So, for the first time, a President was personally provided with elaborate facilities for this purpose, and an officer in the Army, of rank commensurate with the importance of his new work, was appointed telegraph clerk.

The new office, equipped with elaborate and complete electrical arrangements, and maps of the Spanish possessions, was called the "war-room" as a sign of its temporary character, but now that the war is over it is as much needed, and almost as much used, as ever, and it will never be abandoned.

COLONEL B. F. MONTGOMERY
CHIEF OF THE WHITE HOUSE WAR-ROOM

We hardly realize yet the new conditions of our Government's labors and the new exactions on our rulers resulting from our new acquisitions and our new attitude toward the world. Washington appreciates as the rest of the country does not, apparently, that the Civil War not only temporarily but permanently transformed the administration of national affairs so as to make the old, long, sleepy summers of antebellum days impossible. The enormous increase in the work of the National Government, generally recognized in the increase of departments and bureaus, has involved a corresponding increase in the responsibilities and duties of the President and his Cabinet, the Civil Service, Congress, the Supreme Court and the Court of Claims.

The constant growth of the country has steadily increased the demands upon the Government in addition to the extraordinary work bequeathed by war—notably, the gigantic pension business. An addition, made so gradually and so quietly that its great extent is not generally known, is the manifold scientific investigations now carried on by the hundreds of official scientists.

After the Civil War it was quite possible, when Congress was not in session, and the Supreme Court adjourned for the summer, to think of Washington as "deserted," and the higher official Washington as having opportunity, at least, for long summer vacations. "I remember one summer in the seventies," said an old White House clerk the other day, "when we disposed of the day's work in an hour or two, and played cards on the Cabinet table all the afternoon; now we work from early morning until late at night, summer and winter alike." General Grant was the only President who tried "a summer capital" away from Washington, and he did not make it successful.

The members of the Administration have usually been able to take long summer vacations two years out of four, until the Spanish War changed the old order of our affairs.

The Dingley Bill extra session and the gathering clouds of war with Spain deprived President McKinley of his first summer's vacation. The war itself made it impracticable for him to take a vacation last summer; now it is not only the trouble in the Philippines which prevents him from taking rest, but the new duties brought by the recent events.

Washington is now a world capital to which foreign Governments no longer send second-rate representatives, because they all have a new and very different interest in the intentions and operations of our Government since it has entered international politics and has taken a commanding position among the nations. We shall keep out of entangling alliances with them as long as we can, but we cannot keep out of entangling relations with them. Now that our "battle-line" is as "far flung" as England's, we cannot help having more intimate and more dangerous international connections, any more than we can prevent internal or external trouble at the extremities of our dominion. —HENRY MACFARLAND.

An Interesting Turn in the Issue of the Trusts

At Washington a National Industrial Commission has been trying to find out what is wrong in American trade and what remedies can be found for the evils. If the Commission does nothing of itself, it can almost excuse its existence by the interesting facts which it has brought forth from its witnesses. For instance, the world will discuss for a long time to come the testimony of President Havemeyer, of the American Sugar Refining Company, one of the greatest of the combinations. He defended trusts in a way, and declared the Customs Tariff Bill to be "the mother of all trusts." He said:

> "All this agitation against trusts is against merely the business machinery employed to take from the public what the Government in its tariff laws says it is proper and suitable they should have. It is the Government, through its tariff laws, which plunders the people, and the trusts, etc., are merely the machinery for doing it."

Now we find some of the greatest opponents of trusts, at least in their public utterances, to be among the richest men of the country. For instance, Secretary Alger, in his contest for the United States Senatorship from Michigan, announced an anti-trust platform almost as radical as a Populist could ask; and so the fight against trusts gathers new recruits from unexpected quarters, and it would seem a very easy task to overcome them. In the meanwhile, however, the trusts are quiet and prosperous, and apparently unafraid of hostile legislation.

Children Who Can't Leave Cities Now Have a Few Beneficial Enjoyments

A year ago fifty thousand children on Manhattan Island were benefited by an experimental scheme of combined recreative study and play put into operation by public school authorities during the regular vacation period. Thirty public schools that otherwise would have been kept closed were turned over to the children and their special teachers, besides a considerable number of indoor and outdoor playgrounds.

The plan worked admirably, and this summer it is being greatly extended under liberal appropriations, and it is also being adopted in other crowded cities. College settlements, institutional churches, and other similar organizations have come to the aid of the school officers and are handsomely promoting this novel midsummer philanthropy.

In dealing with the thousands of can't-get-away children their mental and physical conditions are considered. The school idea is subordinated to the play idea, and the training is industrial and manual rather than by the books. A big popular interest has centred in the plan, and many pieces of unoccupied land have been turned over to the children for summer playgrounds.

An Expert's Scheme to Check the Growth of Crime

At the recent session of the American Medical Association Dr. Daniel B. Brower, professor of mental diseases in Rush Medical College, Chicago, made the startling statement that "crime in the United States is increasing in a vastly more rapid ratio than is the population."

He said present laws were defective because they were principally directed against crime and not against the criminal. A judge should also be a physician, and in making up sentence should consider the biological condition of the criminal.

The checking process should begin with the children of degenerates. These should be taken care of by the courts and placed in favorable environment at the age of seven years. Criminals incapable of reformation should be placed in confinement for life, that they may not become constant menaces to society. And as a high essential in this scheme of reform, the pardoning power, said Doctor Brower, should be transferred from the political officers of the State to a board "whose members should be skilled in criminal anthropology."

The Machine on Wheels Need Not be Drawn by an Animal

It is a fact as old as human progress that there is some sort of opposition to a machine. It has to establish itself by force or a lawsuit. The automobile is no exception to the rule. The Park Commissioners of Chicago tried to keep it off the boulevards, but the courts not only denied their authority to do so, but declared unmistakably in favor of the machines, saying: "The automobile has come to remain with us, and we welcome it as a great improvement over the horse cars and the ordinary street cars. The time is not far distant when no horse car, trolley car or cable car will be permitted to occupy any of our business streets." It thus happens that the automobile with the courts on its side can go pretty much where it pleases.

The Next World Meeting of the Women Will be Held in Berlin

In Berlin, in 1904, the gifted women of the world will again assemble to attend the International Council which seeks to bring together the workers and leaders of thought and action of the gentler sex. It is all an American idea which has found favor, and which drew to London in the first half of summer an unprecedented congress. The meetings attracted large attention; there were constant hospitalities, and London broke its own record in giving private entertainment to every foreigner who was officially connected with the council. There have been criticisms upon the efficacy of the meetings because there were frequent differences of statement and opinion, but if a little thing like that were to hold, where would any assembly land? As a matter of fact, the whole council was a success, culminating in a notable reception by Queen Victoria.

British Warships Protecting American Fishermen at Newfoundland

The long-pending controversy between Newfoundland, Great Britain and France, concerning the French share of the former, has reached a point where the United States has a more immediate interest than ever before. Heretofore American shipmasters have been permitted to secure herring for bait along the disputed French treaty coast. Within a few months, however, they have complained bitterly of the treatment accorded them by French officials, and have been forced to place themselves under the protection of British warships on that station.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

THE Colony Founded by Ex-Minister Thomas

Thomas Brackett Reed is not the only distinguished member of the famous class of 1860 of Bowdoin College, Maine. One of the ex-Speaker's classmates was William Widgery Thomas, twice Minister to Sweden, and the founder of the colony of New Sweden, in Aroostook County, Maine.

This colony is the most successful venture of the sort ever made in this country. It was planted a little more than twenty-five years ago in several townships of land near the village of Caribou. It has grown now to more than 6000 inhabitants. It is the greatest potato-raising district in America, and while the colonists have not yet become individually wealthy, in the aggregate they form the richest body of farmers in the Pine Tree State. Mr. Thomas still takes the keenest interest in the colony, and is still looked up to by the members as their guardian. Mr. Thomas has drawn himself even closer to the Swedes by his marriage. His wife is a Swede, and the Minister and his entire family are as familiar with the Swedish language, literature and customs as they are with those of this country.

Governor Roosevelt's First Bombardment

"Thirty years ago," says George G. Rockwood, the veteran New York photographer, "my studio was at Thirteenth Street and Broadway, then a residence section. At the corner, facing Union Square, was the old Roosevelt mansion where Governor Theodore Roosevelt spent his boyhood.

THEODORE ROOSEVELT

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"Several years ago, when the Governor was Police Commissioner, he came into my present studio, and of course I personally superintended posing him." [The result of Mr. Rockwood's effort is presented herewith.] "After I had fixed him in the chair and asked him to 'look pleasant, please,' I said carelessly:

"'I wonder whether you are the little fat boy who used to throw stones at my skylight in Thirteenth Street about thirty years ago?'

"Mr. Roosevelt's eyes twinkled. 'That's a long time ago, Mr. Rockwood,' he said. 'It's pretty nearly outlawed by this time. But as I have the police on my side now, and I'm not afraid of being arrested, I'll admit that I was that boy. But don't let that make you spoil this picture.'

"It didn't, for it was the best likeness that had ever been taken of Mr. Roosevelt up to that time. In fact, it was the only one that didn't make him look severe."

Captain Watkins on Sea Captains

Captain Frederick Watkins, of the steamship Paris, who has been suspended for two years on account of the disaster to that magnificent ship, is an exceedingly popular visitor in New York.

Not long ago he said: "There is no doubt to one who makes his living upon the sea that character is unconsciously changed by the conditions prevailing on shipboard. A good Captain becomes the brain of his vessel, and insensibly forms an attachment for it as strong as the love borne by many men to their old homesteads. Landsmen speak of Captains going down with their ships as if it were a wonder; the real wonder is when old sea veterans do not go down with their ships.

"They tell a story of an old skipper in England who had been frequently urged to retire. He had saved up a great deal of money and had passed the threescore-and-ten mark. He refused persistently, until finally, in a storm and fog combined, he was cast away upon the coast of one of the eastern counties. His craft was very staunch, and though considerably broken, still held together. The old skipper never left her, and on the day following his sudden arrival he hired laborers, had the old craft drawn high and dry upon the land, propped on either side by heavy timbers, and there he passed the remainder of his life."

How Kate Douglas Wiggin Met Her Husband

Mrs. Kate Douglas Wiggin, author of Patsy and Penelope's Progress, went abroad five years ago to rest. She was tired. Her work had been phenomenally successful, but it had also been particularly arduous, and she wanted to get away from the world for a few weeks at least. Therefore she had a frank talk with the Captain of the steamer on which she sailed regarding the matter.

MRS. KATE WIGGIN

"I want," she is reported to have said, "to rest on this voyage. I am tired. I am going to Europe for a vacation. I don't want to be entertained on this ship, and I don't want to entertain any one."

"Yessum," assented the Captain.

"I don't want to be introduced to any one," continued the author; "not to any one, except possibly that man who sits near you at our table. With that exception I don't want to meet any one."

"That man" was a tall, stalwart Englishman with blue eyes and light curling hair. He was preëminently distinguished in bearing and conspicuously well dressed. Mrs. Wiggin was and is a woman of great beauty and rare powers of fascination. The Captain made an exception in favor of the Englishman, and the following March cards were issued for the wedding of the fair widow and "that man," who is George Christopher Riggs, a prominent and wealthy business man of New York.

Shortly after her marriage to Mr. Riggs, two ancient villagers met that gentleman walking down the main street of Hollie.

"Who is that feller?" asked one of the other.

"Why, don't you know who that is? That's Katie's husband. His name is Riggs."

"Riggs!" repeated the inquisitive one meditatively. "He ain't the Riggs that used to work down in the glove shop at Salmon Falls, be he?"

The Magic of Hobart's Name

Vice-President Garret A. Hobart, of Washington and of Paterson, comes very near being the most important man in New Jersey. In politics his supremacy is seldom questioned, and his leadership was never more patent than in the McKinley-Hobart campaign. One day, in response to a request from a newspaper man, Mr. Hobart gave a letter to one of the Republican managers in Newark asking that certain facts be given to the journalist. The following day the correspondent called on the politician. The latter was busy and asked him to call again in an hour. At the appointed time he returned, only to be told to come back in half an hour.

This aroused his ire, and when he was admitted finally he said to the politician:

"See here, I am a New York newspaper man. I am no Jerseyman. I have never used your State except to pass through it on my way to Washington, and I am not going to waste any more time here now. Besides, I have a letter to you from Mr. Hobart, and——"

"From Mr. Hobart! Why didn't you say that before?" exclaimed the manager.

Mr. Croker as a Prophet

Richard Croker is rapidly becoming as prominent a figure in British racing circles as he is in the political life of New York. Until this season he has been remarkably successful, and his horses have captured several rich stakes. But this year he seems to have failed to make money by running his horses. He is reported as chumming with the Prince of Wales and his set, and the latest news records his acting in the capacity of guide to Senator Mark A. Hanna at a recent meet.

Two years ago Mr. Croker returned from a voluntary exile in Europe to find his party disrupted and likely to be defeated in the political contest for the control of the newly consolidated city of Greater New York. During his first days in the city he was as inconspicuous in his demeanor as a man of his positive qualities could be. He avoided notoriety, and seldom appeared on the street in company with his political friends.

One day during the historic campaign for the Mayoralty, Mr. Croker walked into Rockwood's studio and told the photographer he wanted to have his photograph taken.

"My name is Croker," he said.

The artist instantly dropped his other work and led his caller back to the operating room. After the ordeal was over Mr. Croker called attention to a large portrait of the late Henry George. Mr. George was the workingman's candidate for Mayor, and at that time it was popularly believed that he might draw enough Democratic votes to defeat Tammany Hall. His personal attacks on Mr. Croker were the sensation of the contest.

"Did you make that picture of Mr. George?" he asked.

Mr. Rockwood said he had made it.

"Then you know Mr. George. I have never seen him myself, although he has had a great deal to say about me. What kind of a man is he?"

Mr. Rockwood told him that he was a very sensitive, sanguine man.

"I suppose he is sanguine that he will win this election, eh? Poor fellow! Poor fellow!"

The next day, early in the morning, Mr. George suddenly died in his bed. His forces went to pieces within twenty-four hours, and a week later Mr. Croker had won the fight of his life.

RICHARD CROKER

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From a Vice-President's Dairy

"Ellerslie Dairy Milk" is a familiar sign in high-class butter stores in New York City. The product is put up in specially sealed bottles and commands a fancy price. During the last year of President Harrison's term of office an elderly gentleman, smooth-shaven and dignified, was in an Amsterdam Avenue market one morning when a woman came in and began to berate the clerk about some Ellerslie milk she had bought.

"Are you sure it was the Ellerslie milk you had?" inquired the old man, who had taken a singular interest in the controversy.

"Certain," replied the woman warmly. "And it's half water, that's what it is, and this man asks twelve cents a quart for it."

"I don't understand that," he replied. "Suppose you let me look after this matter. I'll give the woman back the twelve cents, and I'll communicate with Mr. Cottrell, the Superintendent, and see what really is the matter."

Thereupon the old man took the bottle, gave the woman twelve cents, and handing the butter man his card, walked to the curb, where a carriage was waiting, and drove away. When the butterman looked at the card it read:

"MR. LEVI P. MORTON
"Ellerslie
"New York"

The old gentleman was the owner of the dairy and Vice-President of the United States. Mr. Morton has been out of public life for several years, but his interest in his great dairy farm up the Hudson is as active now as it ever was. This famous establishment is a model of its sort. It has more than 400 Guernsey cattle, costing over $60,000. The last published statistics of the farm recorded a milk production of five and a half tons from one cow alone. From this milk 753 pounds of butter were made. Not only are a large number of milk stores supplied with Ellerslie milk, but it is a popular beverage in many of the big downtown dairy lunch rooms.

TOLD MORE BRIEFLY

Edison's Lucky Scratch.—Thomas A. Edison said the other day regarding his invention of the phonograph: "I was singing in the mouth-piece of a telephone where the vibration of my voice caused a steel wire point to scratch one of my fingers. That set me to thinking. I determined to record the motions of just such wire points on a cylinder, and the result was the phonograph. But it cost me many sore fingers."

Miss Corelli Answers Another Critic.—When Marie Corelli crosses swords with a critic she does her work effectually. Recently a London reviewer observed in print: "Miss Corelli is a dazzlingly pretty woman, but she fails as a novelist."

Whereupon Miss Corelli replied in a personal letter to an English daily newspaper as follows:

"Mr. Jones has a brown beard, three inches long and neatly trimmed. He is slightly bald, but on the whole good looking, yet he cannot write correct English."

The controversy ended at this point.

Webster Unabridged.—Senator George Frisbie Hoar, who has made an exhaustive study of the life and speeches of Daniel Webster, has an original theory regarding the published work of the great orator. The Senator believes that his greatest speeches were injured by being edited. He has some manuscripts in his collection which were just as Mr. Webster conceived them. They were put down on paper hot from his brain, and the Senator thinks that they are in some particulars more eloquent than those which were revised before publication. The Senator will probably record his theory in a book this fall.

The Launching of B. T. Washington.—Booker T. Washington is a favorite orator and a forceful speaker. However much he mingles with the white people, he will not be apt to forget his first experience in that line. It was during the Atlanta Exposition, in 1895. He was to make a speech, and the radiantly beautiful Mrs. Joseph Thompson, President of the woman's branch of the organization, sat on the platform with him. There were murmurings in the vast audience, but they did not unnerve either of them. On the contrary, they inspired Mrs. Thompson to write and hand him a note felicitating him on the occasion. This produced such an effect on Mr. Washington that he laid aside his written speech and made another one wholly impromptu, which is, so far, his ablest effort in the line of oratory.

Shipbuilder in Embryo.—Irving M. Scott, Vice-President of the Union Iron Works, of San Francisco, builders of the Oregon and Olympia, visited the East this summer to attend his daughter's wedding and the commencement exercises of Cornell, where his son is an undergraduate. Young Mr. Scott is preparing to follow in his father's footsteps. He has made naval architecture a study, and has at his fingers' ends the statistics of most of the vessels in Uncle Sam's Navy. The other day his father, in telling a visitor about the armament of the Olympia, was at a loss for certain figures.

"How about that, son?" he asked.

"Four eight-pounders, ten five-pounders, rapid fire, in her main battery, and fourteen six-pounders, six one-pounders and four Gatlings," answered the young man without a pause. And the shipbuilder, thus reinforced, went on with his description.

An Absent-Minded Bridegroom.—Robert Dewar, brother of Lord William Dewar, the British scientist who was the first experimenter to liquefy air, is a remarkably absent-minded man. It is said that on one occasion he left his home early one morning and repaired to the house of a friend, in which there was a fine library to which he had access. That afternoon his relatives and friends searched the neighborhood in vain for him. At length he was run down in this library. By his side was a new suit of clothes.

"It's a nice man you are," ironically said the spokesman.

"What's the matter now?" returned Robert irritably.

"Your bride and the preacher are waiting for you this two hours. Don't you know this is your wedding day, man?"

"I declare," said the groom, "I'd forgotten all about it! Wait till I dress and I'll go along with you."

ACCORDING TO LAW*

By F. Hopkinson Smith

PART II

CHAPTER III

SOME weeks after these occurrences I was on my way South, and again found myself within reach of the sleepy old park and the grewsome court-room.

I was the only passenger in the Pullman. I had traveled all night in this royal fashion—a whole car to myself—with the porter, a quiet, attentive young colored man of perhaps thirty years of age, duly installed as First Gentleman of the Bed Chamber, and I had settled myself for a morning of seclusion when my privacy was broken in upon at a way station by the entrance of a young man in a shooting-jacket and cap, and high boots splashed with mud.

He carried a folding gun in a leather case, an overcoat, and a game-bag, and was followed by two dogs. The porter relieved him of his belongings, stowed his gun in the rack, hung his overcoat on the hook, and distributed the rest of his equipment within reach of his hand. Then he led the dogs back to the baggage car.

The next moment the young sportsman glanced over the car, rose from his seat and held out his hand.

"Haven't forgotten me, have you? Met you at the luncheon, you know—time the Judge was waiting for the jury to come in."

To my delight and astonishment it was the young man in the Prince Albert coat.

He proved, as the morning wore on, to be a most entertaining young fellow, telling me of his sport and the birds he had shot, and of how good one dog was and how stupid the other, and how next week he was going after ducks down the river, and about a small club house which a dozen of his friends had built, and where, with true Southern hospitality, he insisted I should join him.

And then we fell to talking about the luncheon, and what a charming morning we had spent, and of the pretty girls and the dear grandmother; and we laughed again over the Judge's stories, and he told me another, the Judge's last, which he had heard His Honor tell at another luncheon; and then the porter put up a table, and spread a cloth, and began opening things with a corkscrew, and filling empty glasses with crushed ice and other things, and altogether we had a most comfortable and fraternal and much-to-be-desired half hour.

Just before he left the train—he had to get out at the junction—some further reference to the Judge brought to my recollection that ghostly afternoon in the court-room. Suddenly the picture of the negro with that look of stolid resignation on his face came before me. I asked him if any appeal had been taken in the case as suggested by the District Attorney.

"Appeal? In the Crouch case? Not much. Hung him high as Haman."

"When?"

"'Bout a week ago. And by the way, a very curious thing happened at the hanging. The first time they strung Crouch up the rope broke and let him down, and they had to send eight miles for another. While they were waiting the mail arrived. The post-office was right opposite. In the bag was a letter for the nigger, care of the warden, but not directed to the jail. The postmaster brought it over and the warden opened it and read it to Crouch, asking him who it was from, and the nigger said it was from his mother—that the man she worked for had written it. Of course the warden knew it was from his girl, for Crouch had always sworn he had no family; so the Judge told me. Then Crouch asked the warden if he'd answer it for him before he died. The warden said he would, and got a sheet of paper, a pen and ink, and sitting down by Crouch under the gallows asked him what he wanted to say. And now, here comes the funny part. All that negro wanted to say was just this:

"'I'm enjoying good health and I hope to see you before long. SAM CROUCH.'

"Then Crouch reached over and took the pen out of the warden's hands, and marked a cross underneath what the warden had written, and when the warden asked him what he did that for he said he wanted his mother to have something he had touched himself. By that time the new rope came and they swung him up. Curious, wasn't it? The warden said it was the funniest message he ever knew a dying nigger to send, and he'd hung a good many of 'em. It struck me as being some secret kind of a password. You never can tell about these coons."

"Did the warden mail it?"

"Oh, yes, of course he mailed it—warden's square as a brick. Sent it, of course, care of the man the girl works for. He lives somewhere around here, or Crouch said he did. Awfully glad to see you again—I get out here."

The porter brought in the dogs, I picked up the gun, and we conducted the young sportsman out of the car toward a buggy waiting for him at the end of the platform.

As I entered the car again he waved his hand to me. I saw a negro woman dart from out the crowd of loungers, as if in eager search of some one. She was a tall, bony, ill-formed woman, wearing the rude garb of a farm hand—blue cotton gown, brown sunbonnet, and the rough, muddy shoes of a man.

The dress was faded almost white in parts, and patched with different colors, but looked fresh and clean. It was held together over her flat bust by big bone buttons. There was neither collar nor belt. The sleeves were rolled up above the elbows, showing her strong, muscular arms, tough as rawhide. The hands were large and bony, with big knuckles, the mark of the hoe in the palms.

In her eagerness to speak to the porter the sunbonnet had slipped off. Black as the face was, it brought to my mind—strange to say—those weather-tanned fishwives of the Normandy coast—those sturdy, patient, earnest women, accustomed to toil and exposure and to the buffetings of wind and tempest.

When the porter appeared on his way back to the car she sprang forward and caught him by the arm.

"Oh, I'm dat sorry! An' he ain't come wid ye?" she cried. "But ye see him, didn't ye?" The voice was singularly sweet and musical. "Ye did? Oh, dat's good!"

As she spoke a little black, bare-legged pickaninny, with one garment, ran out from behind the corner of the station and clung to her skirts, hiding her face in their folds. The woman put her hard, black hand on the child's cheek and drew the little woolly head closer to her side.

"Well, when's he comin'? I come dis mawnin' jes' 's ye tol' me. An' ye see him, did ye?" she asked with a strange quivering pathos in her voice.

"Oh, yes, I see him yisterday."

The porter's answer was barely audible. I noticed, too, that he looked away from her as he spoke.

"An' yer sho' now he ain't come wid ye?" and she looked toward the train as if expecting to find some one.

"No, he can't come till nex' Saturday," answered the porter.

"Well, I'm mighty dis'pinted! I been a-waitin' an' a-waitin' till I *mos'* gin out. Ain't nobody helped me like him. Ye tol' me las' time dat he'd be here to-day," and her voice shook. "Ye tell him I got his letter an 'dat I think 'bout him night an' day, an' dat I'd rudder see him dan anybody in de worl'. An' ye tell him—an' doan' ye forgit dis—dat ye see his sister Maria's chile—dis is her—hol' up yer haid, honey, an' let him see ye. I thought if he come to-day he'd like to see 'er, 'cause he useter tote her roun' on his back when she warn't big'r'n a shote. An' ye *see* him, did ye? Well, I'm mighty glad o' dat."

She was bending forward, her great black hand on his wrist, her eyes fixed on his. Then a startled, anxious look crossed her face.

"But he ain't sick dat he didn't come? Yo' *sho'*, now, he ain't sick?"

"Oh, no; never see him lookin' so good."

The porter was evidently anxious about the train, for he kept backing away toward his car.

"Well, den, good-by; but doan' ye forgit. Tell him ye see me an' dat I'm a hungerin' for him. Ye hear, *a-hungerin'* for him, an' dat I can't git 'long no mo' widout him. Don' forgit, now, 'cause I mos' daid a-waitin' for him. Good-by."

The train rolled on. She was still on the platform, her gaunt figure outlined against the morning sky, her eager eyes strained toward us, the child clutching her skirts.

I confess that I have never yet outgrown my affection for the colored race; an affection at best, perhaps, born of the dim, undefined memories of my childhood and of an old black mammy—my father's slave—who crooned over me all day long and sang me lullabys at night.

I am aware, too, that I do not always carry this affectionate sympathy locked up in a safe, but generally pinned on the outside of my sleeve; and so it is not surprising, as the hours wore on and the porter gradually developed his several capacities for making me comfortable, that a certain confidence was established between us.

Then, again, I have always looked upon a Pullman porter as a superior kind of person—certainly among serving people. He does not often think so himself, nor does he ever present to the average mind any marked signs of genius. He is in appearance and deportment very much like all other uniformed attendants belonging to most of the great corporations: clean, neatly dressed, polite, watchful and patient. He is also indiscriminate in his ministrations, for he will gladly open the window for No. 10 and as cheerfully close it one minute later for No. 6. After traveling with him for half a day you doubtless conclude that nothing weighs more seriously on his mind than the duty of regulating the temperature of his car or looking after its linen. But you are wrong.

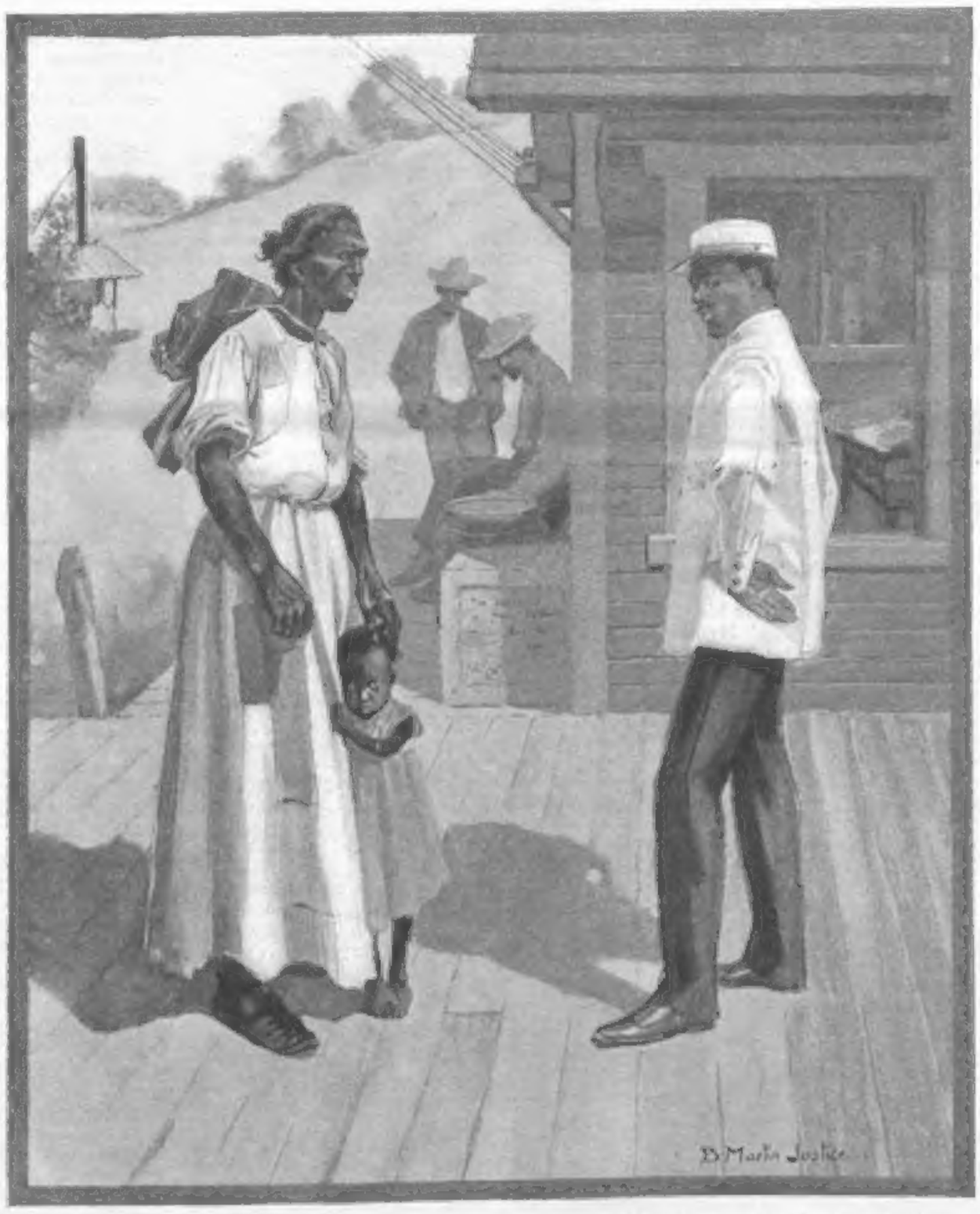
All this time he is classifying you. He really located you when you entered the car, summing you up as you sought out your berth number. At his first glance he had divined your station in life by your clothes, your personal refinement by your carpet-bag, and your familiarity with travel by the way you took your seat. The shoes he will black for you in the still small hours of the morning, when he has time to think, will give him any other points he requires.

If they are patched or half-soled no amount of diamond shirt-studs or watch-chain worn with them will save your respectability. If you should reverse your cuffs before him, or imbibe your stimulants from a black bottle which you carry in your inside pocket instead of a silver flask concealed in your bag, no amount of fees will gain for you his unqualified respect. If none of these delinquencies can be laid to your account, and he is still in doubt, he waits until you open your bag.

Should the first rapid glance betray your cigars packed next to your shoes, or the handle of a tooth brush thrust into the sponge bag, or some other such violation of his standard, your status is fixed; he knows you. And he does all this while he is bowing and smiling, bringing you a pillow for your head, opening a transom, or putting up wire screens to save you from draughts and dust, and all without any apparent distinction between you and your fellow-passengers.

If you swear at him he will not answer back, and if you smite him he will, nine times out of ten, turn to you the other cheek. He does all this because his skin is black and yours is white, and because he is the servant and representative of a corporation who will see him righted and who are accustomed to hear complaints. Above all, he will do so because of the wife and children or mother at home in need of the money he earns, and destined to suffer if he loses his place.

He has had, too, if you did but know it, a life as interesting, perhaps, as any of your acquaintances. It is quite within the possibilities that he has been once or twice to Spain, Italy or Egypt, depending on the movements of the master he served; that he can speak a dozen words or more of Spanish or Italian or pigeon English, and oftener than not the best English of our public schools; can make an omelette, sew on a button, or clean a gun, and that in an emergency or accident (I know of two who lost their lives



"I BEEN A-WAITIN' AN' A-WAITIN' TILL I MOS' GIN OUT"

** Copyright, 1899, by F. Hopkinson Smith.*

to save their passengers) he can be the most helpful, the most loyal, the most human serving man and friend you can find the world over.

If you are selfishly intent on your own affairs, and look upon his civility and his desire to please you as included in the price of your berth or seat, and decide that any extra service he may render you is canceled by the miserable twenty-five cents which you give him, you will know none of these accomplishments nor the spirit that rules them.

If, however, you are the kind of man who goes about the world with his heart unbuttoned and his earflaps open, eager to catch and hold any little touch of pathos or flash of humor or note of tragedy, you cannot do better than gain his confidence.

I cannot say by what process I accomplished this result with this particular porter and on this particular train. It may have been the newness of my shoes, combined with the proper stowing of my tooth brush and the faultless cut of my pajamas; or it might have been the fact that he had already divined that I liked his race; but certain it is that no sooner was the woman out of sight than he came direct to my seat and, with a quiver in his voice, said:

"Did you see dat woman I spoke to, suh?"

"Yes; you didn't seem to want to talk to her."

"Oh, it warn't dat, suh, but dat woman 'bout breaks my heart. Hadn't been for de genman gettin' off here an' me havin' to get his dogs, I wouldn't 'a' got out de car at all. I hoped she wouldn't come to-day. I thought she heared 'bout it. Everybody knows it up an' down de road, an' de papers been full, tho' co'se she can't read. She lives 'bout ten miles from here, an' she walked in dis mawnin'. Comes every Saturday. I only makes dis run on Saturday, an' she knows de day I'm comin'."

"Some trouble?"

"Oh, yes, suh, a heap o' trouble; mo' trouble dan she kin stan' when she knows it. Beats all why nobody ain't done tol' her. I been talkin' to her every Saturday now for a month, tellin' her I see him an' dat he's a-comin' down, an' dat he sent her his love, an' once or twice lately I'd bring her li'l' things he sent her. Co'se *he* didn't send 'em, 'cause he was whar he couldn't get to 'ear, but she didn't know no better. He's de only son now she'd got, an' he's been mighty good to her an' dat li'l' chile she had wid her. I knowed him ever since he worked on de railroad. Mos' all de money he gits he gives to her. If he done the thing they said he done I ain't got nothin' mo' to say, but I don' believe he done it, an' never will. I thought maybe dey'd let him go, an' den he'd come home an' she wouldn't have to suffer no mo'; dat made me keep on a-lyin' to her."

As I entered the car again he waved his hand to me

"What's been the matter? Has he been arrested?"

"'Rested! *'Rested!* Fo' God, suh, dey done hung him las' week."

"What was his name?"

"Same name as his mudder's, suh—Sam Crouch."

(THE END)

OUR NATIONAL REAL-ESTATE DEALS

No. 3—The Acquisition of Florida and the Philippines

By LYMAN J. GAGE, Secretary of the Treasury

IT TOOK twenty years to acquire Florida; hardly more than as many months to gain possession of the much greater territory of Louisiana. When this century began the Mississippi was the western boundary of the United States. On the south, separating the present States of Georgia, Alabama and Mississippi from the Gulf, were the Floridas, East and West. They belonged to Spain. That Kingdom then possessed, or claimed, practically two-thirds of our present territorial area—in addition to the Floridas, nearly all that great extent of country which lies between the Mississippi and the Pacific.

In 1800 Spain parted with a portion of that great territory to France. Three years later France sold it to the United States, as briefly recounted in a preceding article. The Louisiana Purchase, achievement as it was, brought a host of troubles to our new Republic. Some were of a domestic character, but so far as the present inquiry is concerned the chief ones related to the limits of the newly acquired territory. The boundary between the United States and Texas was the subject of contention. So firm were the United States authorities in their belief that the Louisiana Purchase covered West Florida that in 1811 troops were ordered to take possession.

Another important question involved in the acquisition of Florida related to the indemnification of American citizens whose vessels and commerce had been spoliated by Spanish subjects, or by the French in the harbors of Spain. As early as 1802 Spain formally recognized the validity of these claims, but year after year passed without settlement. February 22, 1819, a treaty was concluded at Washington. Its title indicates the character of the questions involved. It is known as a treaty of "amity, settlement and limits." During this period of twenty years Spain's jurisdiction over the Floridas had been feeble, and they were overrun with lawless Indians and blacks, to the great injury of the people of this country living near the border. General Jackson's invasion followed.

Spain's troubles were many and heavy during these twenty years. Her colonies in South America were in revolt; Mexico, including Texas, was the subject of concern to the mother country for the same reason. The desire of the United States to possess the Floridas gave Spain the opportunity to insist that before cession the United States should manifest themselves as opposed to the recognition of independent Governments among her South American possessions. This Government, however, through all the years maintained a policy of strict neutrality.

THE ACQUISITION OF THE FLORIDAS

When the treaty of February 22, 1819, was concluded it seemed that the long contentions were at an end. But before that treaty was ratified by the Spanish sovereign there was yet to be a diplomatic battle, the details of which, recorded in American State papers, are well worth reading. The King of Spain was not disposed to ratify the treaty, notwithstanding his Minister had come to Washington with full powers. Filled with indignation at the almost certain prospect of a refusal to ratify, the American Minister at Madrid, John Forsythe, addressed the Spanish Secretary of State, declaring that Spain dare not refuse. This, he said, was not to be considered as a threat.

> "Threats," he added, "are used by conscious weakness, not by conscious strength. I know too well the abundant resources, the expanding power and youthful vigor of my country to degrade her character by using language unworthy of it; if not by my respect for Spain, I should be prevented by the fear of the deserved resentment of my country; I should not be easily forgiven for condescending to say how she would punish an act of perfidy. It is by her acts, and not by the railings of her Ministers, that she will be known to those who violate the faith pledged to her."

After nearly two years of persistent effort, during which the United States seriously contemplated taking forcible possession of the ceded territory, ratification by the Spanish Government was secured. October 24, 1820, Ferdinand VII gave the royal assent to the treaty. Under its terms the Floridas became ours, and the western boundary and all the questions above referred to were settled. The one which was the main purpose of this article relates to the payment for Florida.

HOW THE PAYMENT WAS ARRANGED

It is commonly said that the Floridas cost us $5,000,000 in money, and so they did, but this sum was not paid to Spain, except indirectly. By the eleventh article of the treaty the United States agreed to pay not exceeding $5,000,000 for discharging the claims of citizens of this country against Spain. It was contemplated by the treaty that the payment should be in cash or in six per cent. stock, payable out of the proceeds of sales of lands in Florida; but the General Government assumed the payment of the claims and borrowed money upon an issue of stock known as the four-and-one-half-per-cent. loan of 1824. The course of the Government in this instance was opposed, among other things, on the ground that Florida was not worth the money, being "a land of sand-heaps, mosquitoes, frogs, serpents and alligators." In the end, stock to the amount of $5,000,000 was issued and sold at par. Its redemption was begun in 1831 and completed in 1833, while from 1824 to 1835 claims of American citizens against Spain amounting to $4,997,572.69 were paid.

Within the limits of this closing article it is not possible to review *in extenso* the other notable acquisitions of territory. Texas, once called by the Spaniards the "New Philippines,"* cost the United States a little less than $7,700,000. By the act of September 9, 1850, in consideration of the settlement of certain boundary disputes, it was provided that the United States should pay Texas $10,000,000 in stock, bearing five per cent. interest, payable semi-annually, redeemable at the end of fourteen years. Only $5,000,000 in stock was authorized to be issued by the act, however, and this was to be used in payment of creditors of the State. February 28, 1855, Congress passed an act providing that such creditors should be paid in cash, and the amount was increased to $7,750,000.

From time to time acts were passed fixing the periods during which creditors might present their claims for payment, and all the money appropriated was paid out except $101,113.27, which was carried to the surplus fund on June 30, 1877. Only a year ago, July 7, 1898, Congress passed an act authorizing the Treasury Department to turn over to the State of Texas this balance of $101,113.27. After such payment had been made it was discovered that $45,000 of this amount should be returned to the United States, that sum having formerly been paid under private act in liquidation of a claim which should have been covered under the general settlement. The draft of the State of Texas for that sum was received at the Treasury as this article was being written.

SETTLING THE MEXICAN BOUNDARY DISPUTE

Growing out of the annexation of Texas came the war with Mexico, and out of that war came the cession of 1848, which served well to round out the territory of the United States by the addition of great areas now included within the limits of California, Nevada, Utah, and parts of Colorado, Arizona and New Mexico. Under the treaty of cession, known as the treaty of Guadaloupe Hidalgo, the United States paid to the Mexican Government $15,000,000, and as interest on deferred payments, $1,800,000. Then in 1853 came the dispute over the boundary between Old Mexico and the territory thus recently acquired. This resulted in what is known as the Gadsden Purchase, about 45,000 square miles, and for which was paid $10,000,000.

Our history cannot be written without frequent recitation of events involving the acquisition of territory. They are, as Charles Sumner said when advocating the Alaska Purchase, "among the landmarks of our history." A study of the moving causes cannot fail to impress that to this moment each and every acquisition has been dominated by potent circumstances nearly if not quite independent of the will of men. They have been and are part of a great national development.

PAYMENT TO SPAIN SHEER GENEROSITY

The Treaty of Peace between the United States and Spain, ratifications of which were exchanged at Washington April 11, 1899, contains the following:

> "Spain cedes to the United States the archipelago known as the Philippine Islands. . . . The United States will pay to Spain the sum of twenty million dollars ($20,000,000).

That sum was paid by means of four Treasury drafts. In amount $5,000,000 each, they were delivered to the French Ambassador on the first anniversary of that great event which placed the Philippines under our dominion.

The cession of the Philippines and the payment of $20,000,000 are so mentioned in the treaty that they are in juxtaposition. But that payment may properly be looked upon as having been made in a like spirit to that which inspired this country to liberal generosity at the termination of the Mexican War.

In some respects the acquisitions of Louisiana and of the Philippines are strikingly similar. They have each aroused strenuous opposition. Representative Mann, of Illinois, has recently reviewed historically the territorial growth of the United States. Referring to the Louisiana Purchase, he says:

> "Opponents of Jefferson did not take kindly to the treaty. The price paid, the character of the people acquired, the quality of the land purchased, the danger of unduly extending the limits of the Republic, the violation of the Constitution by the provisions of the treaty, the lessons to be drawn from the growth and destruction of the Roman Republic—in fine, all the objections to the expansion of a nation or the acquisition of new territory which the ingenuity of the human mind has been able to devise seem to have been the subject of severe and learned comment by the opponents of the Louisiana Purchase."

That immense stretch of territory suggested itself to the mind of those who opposed Jefferson's treaty as a great, compact and trackless area, peopled by savages, the development of which would involve this country in enormous expense. Time has proven the fallacy of the many arguments used against this achievement of the Jefferson Administration, and we have come to look upon the Louisiana Purchase as the greatest step this country has ever taken. Often before, the prophets of evil and disaster have been mistaken. The fact that they were mistaken in the instances of the Florida, Texas and Louisiana acquisitions does not definitely determine that they are mistaken now, but it raises a fair presumption, at least, that they are.

Editor's Note—This is the third of three articles on Our National Real-Estate Deals which Secretary Gage has written specially for The Saturday Evening Post.

*See American Cyclopædia, Vol. XV, p. 676; Lossing's Cyclopædia of United States History, p. 1384.

KEEP A SONG UP ON DE WAY

By PAUL LAURENCE DUNBAR

OH, DE clouds is mighty heavy
An' de rain is mighty thick;
Keep a song up on de way.
An' de waters is a rumblin'
On de boulders in de crick,
Keep a song up on de way.
Fu' a bird ercross de road
Is a-singin' lak he knowed
Dat we people didn't dare
Fu' to try de rainy air
Wid a song up on de way.

What's de use o' gittin' mopy,
'Ca'se de weather ain' de bes'!
Keep a song up on de way.
W'en de rain is fallin' ha'des',
Dey's de longest time to res';
Keep a song up on de way.
Dough de plough's a-stan'in' still
Dey'll be water fu' de mill,
Rain mus' come ez well ez sun
'Fo' de weathah's wo'k is done,
Keep a song up on de way.

W'y hit's nice to hyeah de showahs
Fallin' down ermong de trees:
Keep a song up on de way.
Ef de birds don' bothah 'bout it,
But go singin' lak dey please,
Keep a song up on de way.
You don' s'pose I's gwine to see
Dem ah fowls do mo' dan me?
No, suh, I will chase dis frown,
An' aldough de rain fall down,
Keep a song up on de way.

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Tree Murder in America

AT A RECENT public banquet one of the officers of one of our largest States slighted the efforts that have been made for the preservation of our woods by placing as first in importance the development of wood pulp and other industries in the threatened districts. To give a passing wage to a passing population he would destroy forests that, intelligently protected, would furnish work and wages for centuries.

Americans are the most wasteful of people. They have a big and fertile country, and they act as though it were impossible to exhaust its resources. But the immense increase in its growth, the constant enlargement of industries that require the destruction of natural material, must bring us to a pause. Natural gas was burned without stint just after its discovery, with the result that only enough remains for three years. We are told that the anthracite supply in this country cannot last much more than a hundred years longer. Already some of the prairie lands that were believed to be inexhaustible, requiring but one plowing a year to keep them fertile, are tired out, and demand to be fed. And most astonishing of our wastes is that of our woods, in which rests one of our best sources of wealth and on which we rely for water. Whether we use timber for houses and ships or not, we must drink, and in chopping off our forests we are reducing our springs: *ergo*, our brooks, rivers and ponds: *ergo*, the fertility of the land: *ergo*, the population thereof.

It has been explained again and again, yet seems ever to require new emphasis, that the trees act as umbrellas to protect the fallen rains from quick evaporation and give time to them to soak into the soil; also, that they create, with their fallen leaves and decayed branches, the vegetable mould in which succeeding forms of plant life find their nutriment. Strip a hill of its timber, and the rain runs swiftly down, causing a freshet in the river at its foot, because there is nothing to stay it. Worse still, it carries more or less soil with it, so that in a little time the hill is bared to its rocky frame. The mischief is that it requires years and years to repair a damage that a party of woodmen can inflict in a day.

The domes of granite one sees in the Adirondacks and on Mount Desert show how difficult it is to persuade vegetation back again when rocks are bare of mould for roothold. In other places that have been reforested, through a natural increase in the woods and consideration on the part of the lumbermen, the water has not come back with the trees. The mould that held the springs has been dried and washed away, and centuries must pass before a new sponge is created by the slow deposit of aged trunks and fallen leaves.

This cutting is deplorable. It implies not merely the destruction of beauty, which is cause enough for lamentation, but hardship, especially in the country districts: it implies a lessening number of birds, our bright, tuneful, useful little friends, because they cannot secure nesting-places; it implies a check on the fertility of the surrounding country; it implies disastrous floods in spring, when the snows melt, there being no soil to hold the moisture and no screen of limbs or leaves to shadow the drifts from the northing sun; it implies a lessening rainfall, with increasing drought; it implies the ultimate conversion of deforested tracts into desert.

The case of Spain is a familiar one. It was once well wooded and was capable of sustaining a large agricultural population. Its trees were relentlessly hewn down by greedy spoilers, with the result that, in time, districts once fertile became rainless and dusty, the vegetable mould disappeared, the streams dwindled, and the population was driven from the soil into the cities, where many became beggars, adventurers, or laborers at uncongenial tasks for wretched wages. To this day the arid districts remain as Nature's protest against man's destructiveness and selfishness.

There is a remedy for this and it is time it was applied. It consists in scientific forestry. It is not necessary to restrict the cutting of timber to a great extent. It needs only a little intelligence and a little after-work in planting. A hill should never be deforested. The largest and oldest trees should be chosen for cutting. In place of every one cut down a sapling should be planted. In many of the tracts devastated within recent years thousands and hundreds of thousands of trees have been destroyed and not a single one set out to replace them. Yet we have officials who can defend such proceedings! It is appalling.

In the parts of the Old World that claim to be enlightened the authorities have been compelled to institute reforms, for there was a general alarm over the drying of the springs and the failure of the rivers. The Rhine, the Rhone, the Elbe, the Danube—in fact, most of the important rivers of Europe have subsided by several feet, and not only the navigation, but the health, convenience and industries of the people have been correspondingly affected. To stay this devastation, to restore, if possible, fatness to the soil and depth to the streams, boards have been created to guard the forests, prevent needless destruction by chopping and by fire—our own forests have suffered much from the carelessness of hunters and miners in leaving fires burning in the woods—to study the effects of soil, climate and locality, and to plant liberally. Through the beneficent operations of the forestry boards districts have been redeemed, industries have been preserved and restored, and the beauty and prosperity of several lands favorably affected. We, who have more natural advantages, must be less wasteful or we shall not have them long.

—CHARLES M. SKINNER.

The hopeful man gets pleasure out of his confidence and profit out of its results.

Dandies in War

IN EVERY new country there is apt to be an idea that rough-and-ready efficiency is the only kind that counts. This is no longer a new country, and it is surprising that such an idea should have endured until now. That it has is due to the fact, no doubt, that our country in spots is still new, and therefore the "tenderfoot" is not entirely obsolete.

But recent events have given what ought to be a fatal blow to the false idea that well-dressed men, dandified men, are lacking in gallantry in the battle-field or in the endurance of the heart-breaking march and the more heart-breaking waiting in camp. Soldiers have never failed to appreciate the dandy. Indeed, Wellington said, after his very trying campaign in Spain and Portugal, that he would not have known what to do had it not been for his London dandies.

The first thing an officer does with a new recruit is to lick him into shape—make him cleanly in his person, neat in his dress, easy but precise in his bearing. The best soldiers, whether officers or privates, come in time to have many of the characteristics of the dandy. These characteristics are not merely superficial, as they serve excellent purposes. Cleanliness and neatness prevent disease in camp as elsewhere; the spick-and-span clothing inspires a self-respect, and the last thing a good soldier contemplates is to bring reproach upon the uniform he wears.

The soldiers of our regular Army are made to pay so much attention to dress and cleanliness of living that even in malarial and fever-stricken countries they manage to live with a scarcity of sickness unheard of among Northern men unacclimated in the tropics. That is one practical side of soldiering. But there is another even more intense, another which has its influence when soldiers are in action and struggling regardless of danger for victory. Then the dandy is on his mettle. He has a position to maintain; he must live up to his pretensions and be worthy of his fine appearance. And appearances do count in times of danger, as witness that good old story of General Zeb Vance, of North Carolina:

"I don't see how a man could be scared in battle," said a Southern civilian who was in one of the battles of the Civil War with his Governor. "You don't," said Vance; "well, if I were not Governor of North Carolina I'd show you, for I would run like the mischief."

In the late war with Spain our regulars were all dandies, and our naval men, too. All these did their duty with a courageous cheerfulness which marked them for mention in the reports and promotion on the field.

Hundreds of these might be mentioned here, but I shall give but two instances of dandies who conspicuously distinguished themselves. Recall the pictures taken on the field in the fights before Santiago. It mattered not where the camera caught him, General Leonard Wood, of the Rough Riders, was always the dandy par excellence. And he is just that thing to-day, when he is trying with marvelous promise of success to establish a peaceful civil government in his district of Cuba.

Then there is Dewey—Admiral George Dewey. He is not only a dandy to fight, a dandy to be quiet and do his duty without fuss or foolishness, but in his dress and his living he is a dandy of dandies. They are great fighters, these dandies, and in no sense less trustworthy than the rough-and-ready type of men who despise as effeminate what the dandy holds in high regard.

—JOHN GILMER SPEED.

We do not hear as much as formerly of the bad breeding and roughness of American travelers. This is pleasant for our people who have so long borne with unconcern the unjust criticism of inferiors.

Having a Good Time

WHAT we Americans call "having a good time" would be right hard to define with the brevity and accuracy required by the dictionaries. Unquestionably most of us are, or imagine that we are, duly aware of it when we have a good time; but what a composite something would result were all of our preferences in this regard flung together and compressed into one! The racing man would race, the fisherman would fish, the golfer would play the livelong day, the yachtsman, the bicycler, the baseball "fiend," the kodak bearer—each for himself, yet all in a body.

Not to men and boys, however, is a good time confined; the women and girls come in for, perhaps, the larger share. The watering-places, the mountain resorts, the rustic nooks between farms and woods, the casinos and seaside drives, are they not all for the dear feminines? To be sure, we menfolk count ourselves in right vigorously along with them even at their cozy-corner coffees and languid pink teas—it's anything for a good time. From the winter verandas of Florida and the Creole coast of the Gulf between Mobile and New Orleans, to the Adirondacks and Thousand Isles, our whole country, from the Pacific to the Atlantic, is one grand confusion of inviting social hives where men and women swarm and hum together for pleasure's sake.

Our neighbors over in Europe are fond of calling us money-getters, ceaseless workers, worshipers of gain; but where, even in Germany and France, can you see people cheerfully, even enthusiastically undertaking annual journeys of thousands of miles as we do for the sake of a good time? We do work like steam engines, and we do get money—no doubt of it. We like the word "millionaire" on account of its solidity; it is a very firm word from which to set out in quest of what gold can buy. An income up in the hundred thousands has endless good times held in solution ready to be precipitated at call. No wonder we work!

But, thank Heaven, a good time is not altogether dependent upon unlimited money. The hod-carrier has his nooning in the shade with his pipe, and the expression of his countenance between whiffs can be the despair of us all. A black pickaninny wallowing almost naked in the sunshine and laughing at his own contortions has as good a time as the curled and ruffled Little Lord Fauntleroy on the beach at Cape May or Fernandina. The Garden of Folly is open on both sides, and so is the green pasture of innocent pleasures. Through opposite gates the rich and the poor swarm in to meet and envy one another. Miss Moneybag feels how divine it would be had she the bright, brown face and flawless health of Miss Milkmaid, while Mr. Clodhopper, with his invincible brawn and his healthy appetite, longs for Mr. Dude's nonchalant expression and fresh-looking golfing-coat; yet all have a good time.

We Americans may be "socially crude"; the phrase means very little, after all, so long as sincerity has its way with us. What we want we try to get, and we very seldom fall short. All the foreigners just now are wondering if there is not some mistake in the notion that America is lacking in that culture which makes for supremacy in diplomatic intercourse; and right rapidly it is appearing that as a nation we are having a good time all around the world. Our advantage is that we can join vast pleasure with Herculean labors; we have the tail of an eye on business even in our maddest frolicking. This is our sign of unspoiled youth. What we are doing has the vigor of delight in life behind it. We are in the early morning of power, and what we do is done with immense show of ease. When young leviathan plays the small fry must scamper. We are having a good time.

—MAURICE THOMPSON.

In these modern days a dollar does not make so much on the turn as it once did, but it rolls faster.

The Slaves of Ridicule

RIDICULE is the natural and admirable foe of sentimentality, but it has been employed with so little discretion in this country that a great deal of damage has been done to sentiment itself. Much of the decline in the character of our poetry may be traced to the influence of the "humorists." Time was when the youngster who showed a tendency toward rhyme was encouraged by the admiration of those who knew him; to-day he puts forth a timid product and considers himself skillful if he escapes their sneers.

The much-discussed decline of oratory is probably due in great part to the ribaldry of our professional wits. The man who rises in Congress to speak on a great issue is far more concerned in escaping the cartoonist than in constructing sentences to thrill the hearts of his hearers. He may possess the oratorical possibilities of a Webster, but, rather than subject himself to ridicule, he "confines himself to the facts" and contributes a stale installment to that unrivaled compendium of platitudes, the Congressional Record.

The writers of America, editorial, descriptive, imaginative—of every sort—are struggling under the same paralyzing dread. There was something artificial, perhaps, in the over-deliberate devotion to "fine writing" in vogue a quarter of a century ago, but one could forgive the obliviousness of the intent in the enjoyment of the artistic result so frequently obtained. Who would be willing to sacrifice the story of the death and burial of Little Nell because the purpose of Dickens to elaborate the beauty of its pathos shone so clearly between the lines? One might wish that the beauty were more incidental, but beauty is there, and that is much better than the labored reproduction of the commonplace. The flowers of a park are cultivated, still one prefers them to the vegetables of a market garden as a spectacle of splendor.

The peoples of the world who have produced the enduring monuments of art and civilization have not been those whose first impulse it has been to laugh.

—FRED NYE.

People are not half so bad as they are kodaked.

The Method of the Mormon

IT IS the unexpected that happens. Behold Uncle Sam exporting more soldiers and calling for still further levies for the subjugation of the Philippines! Who would have dreamed of such a thing two years ago? It is the expected that does not happen. Behold the Mormons! Was it not among the things most reasonable to anticipate that the Mormons, when finally the railroad and the telegraph and immigration had hemmed them in with Gentiles, should fade out gracefully before civilization and gradually cease to be Mormons? We are told that there are more Gentiles than Mormons now in Salt Lake City, so completely has civilization overtaken the peculiar people. But are the Mormons fading out? Not a bit. It may be that for the present, at least, polygamy has ceased to be a part of their creed and practice, but as a sect they seem to be flourishing.

Dr. Francis E. Clark, of the Christian Endeavor Society, lately stopped in Utah on his way home from San Francisco, and was strongly impressed by the vitality and aggressive energy the Mormon Church shows there and in the adjoining States. Mormon young men are to be found in the best universities in the East. They are at Harvard and at Johns Hopkins; and at the Pratt School in Brooklyn Mormon proselyting is said to have lately made progress enough to call for earnest discouragement from the authorities of the institution.

The Mormons are not, as a rule, individually rich, but it is explained that the system of tithes is part of their religion, and where every Mormon gives a tenth of his income to the church a great fund results for church purposes. Part of this is used to spread the faith, and there are always funds available for the support of the missionaries who go out constantly and in large numbers to the South, to the East, gathering converts and sending them across the continent—and the ocean, too, if necessary—to the stronghold of the Mormon faith.

Mormon proselyting is peculiar in this, that it offers its converts a journey. The Christian missionary offers Christianity for local application, but the Mormon missionary says: Accept my doctrines, believe in the revelation of Joseph Smith, and come home with me without cost, if necessary, and take a new start in life. No doubt he pictures Utah as a land flowing with milk and honey. It is natural that to many who are disconsolate and tired of their surroundings his message should sound attractive. No doubt the complete change of scene, life, everything which the Mormon missionary offers, is a more potent attraction than the peculiarities of his religion.

At any rate, he makes converts, and his church grows constantly, and continues to be an object of lively and somewhat apprehensive interest to Americans who speculate about the development of their country.

—E. S. MARTIN.

The dinner given by the Whitefriars to Mark Twain was a great success. There were 202 persons present, a good half of whom were distinguished. The Whitefriars is a club whose membership is limited to one hundred, and its meetings are held within the radius of the ancient, disreputable Alsatia, where some centuries ago men were in the habit of fleeing for safety when they had committed a crime. The club now is a sanctuary to which a man betakes himself to get rid of care and worry

Many Americans belong to the Whitefriars, and twenty-five years ago the organization elected Mark Twain a member. Poultney Bigelow, one of the American friars, was in the chair, and L. F. Austin, another American member, proposed the health of the guest of the evening in one of the most eloquent orations ever heard in London, a speech which places Mr. Austin in the very first rank of after-dinner speakers. Mark Twain himself was in excellent form, never more humorous, never more enthusiastically applauded. He said he had taken the vows of the order a quarter of a century before, but whether he had kept them or not he could not be sure, as he had forgotten what they were. He ended his discourse by giving his delighted audience a motto to take home with them, as he said: "When in doubt, speak the truth."

The dramatic point of the dinner came when the Chairman was finishing what was intended to be the last speech of the evening. He was telling his hearers of the good feeling that had existed between Admiral Dewey and the British Naval Commander at Manila, when, at that moment, the British Commander, Sir Edward Chichester, himself entered the room. Sir Edward had been attending a banquet in his honor given him by the Navy League, and had stolen away to get a glance at the great American humorist, intending to slip back to his own friends, whom he had temporarily deserted. But when the Chairman stopped his speech and pointed to the abashed Commander there arose a cheer that was a trying thing for a modest man to hear.

The crowd shouted for a speech, and Sir Edward fled, but was captured by the Americans in the reception-room, the first instance of this Commander striking his flag to a foreign power. In spite of himself he was got upon the platform at the side of the large hall, where the band was playing. The two hundred stood around clamoring for a few words from him, but alas! the reporters were present with sharp ears and sharper pencils. The Admiral's friends began to tremble, for scarce half an hour before Senator Chauncey M. Depew had spoken in favor of Captain Coghlan, whose speech in New York had brought down the wrath of the German Government, and Sir Edward's friends feared that in the enthusiasm of the occasion he might say something that would infringe the strict discipline of the British Navy, where a man may act but must not talk. However, their fears were groundless, for they were to hear one of the cleverest orations ever delivered.

Sir Edward is a typical sea-dog, not at all the sort of man you would expect to be a master of diplomacy. His face is the color of mahogany, deepening into walnut, the effect of exposure to sun and storm. His voice has all the musical vibrance of a frog's croak, swelling now and then into the suggestion of a foghorn. One could imagine how effectively such a voice would ring out on the quarter-deck. His speech was absolutely unreportable, because his words were as innocent as new milk, while his chuckle was one of the most eloquent things ever heard, infecting his audience like an epidemic.

"I didn't help Admiral Dewey," he began with a cherubic look on his face. "In the first place, I was not allowed to do so, and in the second, Dewey is a man who helps himself." (Chuckle, and laughter from the audience.) "No; it was the other way about; Admiral Dewey helped us, for he gave us fresh chow (fresh beef) when we hadn't any; a pound of fresh chow a day to every man on our ships." (Chuckle.) "I don't know how he got all this fresh chow; often wondered." (Chuckle, and appreciative laughter.) "Amazing man, Dewey; seemed to provide for all contingencies. I wanted to assist the German Admiral, but Dewey was always so correct in everything he did that he gave me no chance." (Chuckle.) "When the German Admiral sent me word that he was coming aboard my ship to get me to join him in a protest against Admiral Dewey's action, I looked up international law, and spread the books out on my cabin table, with the pages open and marked—all in a row—and when he came I said 'What can I do? This American Admiral is so deadly right in all he has done, and all he proposes to do, that if we protest we'll merely show that we don't understand the law.' And of course there was nothing to be done, and I did it." (Chuckle, and roars of laughter.) "We had to cling to international law, you know."

There were tremendous cheerings when the British Captain got down from the platform. Mark Twain said he had never heard words so innocent and a chuckle so eloquent. Sir Edward, although by no means an old man, has seen considerable active service. He served in the Transvaal in 1881-2, was with the British forces in 1882, and went up the Nile with Lord Wolseley in the campaign of 1884-5, so that he thoroughly understands what fighting means, and besides this, as shown by his Mark Twain dinner speech, he is a clever diplomatist, which, to be sure, is a high virtue in a man who is knocking around the world in command of a first-class, twin-screw, 6000-ton, heavily armored cruiser.

Mr. S. R. Crockett, the novelist, tells a rather remarkable story of an incident that befell him in his early writing days, before fame and fortune had come to him and while he struggled on for a living. At that time he was obliged to write for very small sums indeed, and among the publications to which he contributed columns and half columns was the St. James Gazette, a London penny evening newspaper. One morning the postman brought to Mr Crockett a letter from the editor of the St James containing a small check as payment for a contribution. Mr. Crockett knew that nothing was due him; that he had been paid for all his articles, and—remarkable man—he did the check up in an explanatory note and returned it to the editor. The next day back came the check from the editor—remarkable man—with a note saying it *was* due. The St. James had published an article from the pen of Mr. Crockett which had not been paid for, hence the check. Again Mr. Crockett—remarkable man—returned the check, and still again the remarkable editor reforwarded it, this time with the article cut out of the columns of the St. James Gazette

Now comes the curious feature of the incident. When Mr. Crockett clapped eyes on the article he was astonished to find it one of his dreams materialized. One night, going to bed extra tired, he dreamed that a good idea for a St. James Gazette column had occurred to him, that he then and there sat down, wrote it and posted it. Next morning he remembered his dream and made up his mind some day to write the article exactly as he dreamed he had written it, when, to his astonishment, came article and check from the newspaper. Few writers earn checks while asleep.

The sporting Duke of Beaufort, who died the other day at an old age, used to tell during the past few years a humorous story of an American whom, as His Grace put it, he rescued from a horrible death by starvation in the midst of plenty. The old Duke loved sport of any kind, and on many occasions, if not always, drove a coach with a brilliant party aboard down to Epsom to see the Derby run. No one who has not seen the Epsom race-course on Derby day can have any idea what the word "crowd" really means. Just how many hundreds of thousands of people assemble in stands and on the hill it is quite impossible to say, but there are acres and acres of ground black with people standing as close as is possible for human beings to stand and yet be able to move, or rather sag, about. Along one part of the course there is invariably a great line of coaches drawn up, the seats occupied by charmingly dressed women and gallant men, whilst on the sward, butlers and footmen set out a sumptuous luncheon, so that the coach folk have a royal picnic, providing the day be fine.

The old Duke was squatted on the turf at the "head of the board" one Derby day, entertaining a large party at a smart luncheon, when out of the crowd stepped a well-dressed stranger who raised his hat to the Duke. His Grace thought it must be an acquaintance of his, so stood up to greet him, when the stranger, talking with a good American accent, began:

"Excuse me, I don't know you, and I don't suppose you know me. My name is So-and-so, and I'm an American. This is my first trip to this old country, and I have not caught on to her ways yet, I guess, for I got mixed up in this infernal crowd quite unprepared. Now, I've got plenty of money and am not frightened to spend it, but hang me if I've come across a place on this course where they sell grub fit for a white man to eat. I'm hungry clean through Now, if I were home in Detroit and I knew an Englishman was drifting around unable to find a decent thing to eat I'd be sorry for him, and do my very best to put him in the way of getting what he wanted. When I caught sight of your chicken and champagne, and saw that you have more than you are likely to use, it struck me that you would have the same feelings toward a starving American as I would have for an Englishman, so here I am."

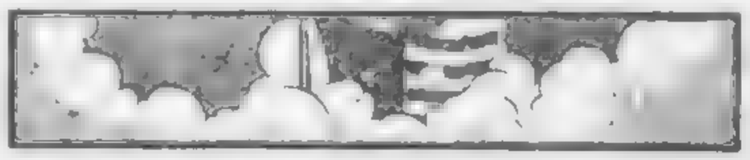
The party, laughing, at once made room for the marooned American, who joined energetically in the conversation and had as good a luncheon as Epsom could supply. The old Duke in after years many times said he was "a ripping good chap, and if I ever go to America I'm going to look him up." But the Duke will not now be able to pay the visit.

—ANGUS EVAN ABBOTT.

ILLUSTRIOUS, ensign, hail!
Thou that of yore
Didst dare the warder winds of England's shore
That Freedom might prevail!
I see thee flutter proudly at the peak
With thine unsullied stripes and virgin stars,
Wherefrom thou seem'st to speak
To purblind Kings upon their shaking thrones
Of sundered shackles and of broken bars,
Of larger love and larger liberty,
Within a land that no allegiance owns
Beyond the plunge of the uneasy sea!

Above the murky gush of battle-smoke,
O'er all the slaughter of the deadly scene,
When ship met ship with mortal conflict stroke,
Still didst thou float, triumphant and serene.
Below, the grim and shotted guns
Thundered of tyranny the quaking knell;
Aloft, didst thou make strong thy bleeding sons
With thine inspiring spell,
Waving, "Fight on, for all will yet be well!"

Oh, firstling flag, thine was the prophecy
Of the great days to be!
Thou wert the herald of the glorious time
Toward which we climb
Behold, behold how the fleet years unveil
The heights from which thy compeers shall be cast—
Cast to the banded blows of every gale!
Across the perilous pathways of the past,
Illustrious ensign, hail!



Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Apropos of an article, Devastation of the Roadsides, by your interesting contributor, C. M. Skinner, I feel that we must enter our protest. Country born and bred, it may be that I cannot fully appreciate the whims of our city cousins in their desire for highway picturesqueness. To the practical mind the fields of waving grain, the lovely grass on hill and dale, the richly ripening corn, have beauties of their own not to be hidden by a growth of tangled wildwood. The old "worm fence" has been superseded by the "woven wire," which is only a slight screen, unnoticeable to farseeing eyes searching for beauty. The "bushes and herbage" by the public road are not the home of the birds; they are too timid to build their nests where the passing of wayfarers would disturb them. Come to our orchards and lawns and you will find them in their perfection of variety, plumage and song. The wayside bushiness is a hindrance to good roads; the gutters become clogged by this undergrowth, and the rain soon finds little thoroughfares in the wheel tracks, and woe to the farmer who allows the weeds to grow. It would be just as ridiculous for us to go to the city and expect to find a Murillo in the market-place, or silks and satins displayed upon the street corners for our admiration. Let the city tourists go along the byways for enjoyment, and not through our well-cultivated farming communities, where law and order must be obeyed for the good of country and town. We cannot afford to encourage weeds and biters, to furnish the seeds of tares and thus choke the useful crops.

Delroy, Pennsylvania. CARRIE V. BROWN.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Dr. Robert Ellis Thompson, in his able editorial on The Land of Least Happiness, goes rather far in telling us that we do not get as much out of life as other people. Take Americans all around and you will find that they do enjoy life in spite of the fact that they worry over the idea that they worry too much.

I have traveled considerably in the past few years, and I surely can testify that I saw far more happiness than sorrow, far more cheerfulness than solemnity. Even many of our churches are becoming smiling-places, and I have seen more than one village congregation linger after the service to enjoy themselves in bright talk and exchanges of gossip and compliments

Do not let us try to think we are any unhappier than we are, for if we do we shall soon convince ourselves that we do not know how to get anything out of life. T. M

Buffalo, New York

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

[redacted] ted in Mr. William J. Lampton's editorial on [redacted] ess of a Wife. What he says is true. Wives should take hold of family affairs and see that a provision for the future is made, but in order that they may do this I would like to ask Mr. Lampton to do what he can to educate husbands [redacted] the point where they will allow their wives their just rights in the matrimonial partnership

My own opinion is that more wives would attend to this important duty if the husbands would permit them. I hold that the first business of husbands is to share with the wives and to be perfectly candid in all their affairs. MRS. H. M. R

Detroit, Michigan.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

I am glad to take advantage of your invitation in regard to Maurice Thompson's article on Education and Discontent and make a few remarks on that very interesting and important topic. Mr. Thompson makes several statements which I have heard discussed before in similar articles, but he strikes a new chord which is in touch with my own opinion in this matter. He speaks of the common labor of the fields, etc., having to be done by some one; and says that people should be contented with whatever vocation falls to their lot, whether below their ambitions or otherwise. I believe that every one can make a little world of activity and usefulness in their particular sphere of life, whether it be that of a grave-digger or King-maker; and that contentment comes not so much with the achievements of our's ambitions, as with the progressive view of life and a truer knowledge of a Divine destiny growing out of one's experience with life's little follies and useless struggles for honors above one's station. ALBERT E McKAY.

Brooklyn, New York.

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Education that causes discontent would seem to be faulty. The fault has its root in a mistaken notion as to the essential object of education, which ought not to be regarded merely as a preparation for a successful career of one kind or another. That is a secondary matter. The real purpose of education is to afford all the aid possible toward the perfecting of the man by stimulating the development of all his faculties, physical, mental and psychical, giving them true direction, restraining any tendency toward excess, while striving to correct whatever may be abnormal or a hindrance to healthy growth, to the end that the *mens sana in corpore sano* may be won

The difference between a General Grant and a successful man of affairs in some lower sphere may be only one of opportunity. While Grant was ready to avail himself of the opportunity when it presented itself, his earlier career gave no promise of such pronounced success. There are good grounds for the opinion that success on a higher plain yields no larger measure of content than does the same degree of success on a much lower level. The successful horticulturist may be quite as well contented with his achievements in his favorite line as is the successful General in his. W. O EASTWOOD.

Whitby, Ontario, Canada

Editor Saturday Evening Post:

Like many controverted questions, education and contentment are interdependent. Too often, in our zeal to right a wrong or redirect a prevailing tendency, we see only one element, with all its relations as either causes or effects. Discontent is no more a consequence of education than education is a product of discontent

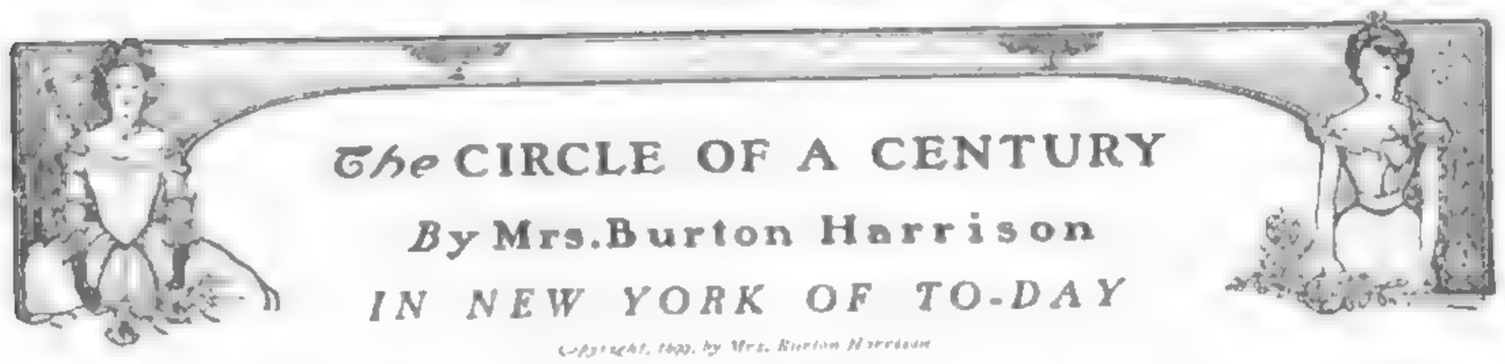
I am unable to suppress a conviction of selfishness on the part [redacted]

[redacted]

[redacted]

W. GEORGE [redacted]

[redacted]



The CIRCLE OF A CENTURY

By Mrs. Burton Harrison

IN NEW YORK OF TO-DAY

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CHAPTER III

THE days following his first meeting with Lucy Hope found Adamson desperately anxious lest something should intervene to prevent the dinner at her home to which he had been bidden. Remembering his first scoff at the invitation, he fairly trembled for fear Fate would get even with him by putting it out of his power to go.

He did not yet quite realize that the door had opened for him into a new kingdom of delights and woes, that he was in the grip of the most resistless force of earth's experience. But he found himself dwelling on the girl's image, and was ever and anon thrilled by the sensation that had come to him—whether from her or from the old portrait he could not tell—that her face was linked to his destiny and was to become an essential part of his future.

When Jack Warriner, blooming with cheerfulness and health, arrived to go with Rex to the dinner, he was surprised to see on his friend's ordinarily self-contained countenance indications of an intensity of eagerness which he did not understand and was wise enough not to inquire into. Rex sprang into the brougham that awaited them with the light step of a schoolboy. It was a long drive downtown to their destination, and more than once Rex leaned his head out of the carriage window and chided the coachman for not taking streets less encumbered with the *débris* of the late snowfall.

Jack laughed at his companion's impatience. For himself, seeing that he had been that morning installed in the new venture in business which was to carry him to a respectable place in the community, an income sufficient for his wants, and by a short cut to the moment when he could openly claim Lucy as his affianced, the world seemed to be jogging comfortably enough. Even Rex, knowing Jack as he did, marveled at his airy indifference to the dark places of his past career, his sublime assurance that the gifts of Fortune's cornucopia now being showered upon his head were merited, or at least nothing more than he might reasonably expect

They were first to arrive in the broad, old-fashioned drawing room, with the curtains of deep red plush drawn together over its windows, bookshelves in the recesses on either side of a fire of large lumps of coal, vases of fresh flowers, and rather worn furniture in tint and texture like the curtains. The warmth and sparkle of this homelike interior seemed to Rex far more attractive than the bald upholstery and groupings of artistic furniture in his own home; for from the heart of its crimson glow rose to meet him a girl tall, and fair as an arum, clad in white satin closely fitted to her perfect shape, her neck and arms bare, her face smiling, her eyes all unconscious that they "carried love."

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The two men had but a word with her before others, entering on their heels, claimed her notice. Rex, who knew not the art of looking happy when ennuied, stood around in a large, lumbering and disconsolate way, waiting the summons to dinner, and admiring Jack Warriner's facility for appearing at his best at this critical moment when so much depended upon his taking a fresh start in the good graces of the Hope family.

Jack had selected for his opening shots into the fortress the person of a plain cousin from Mrs. Hope's native town, the success of whose social career in New York during her visit

To this pleasingly surprised young woman he now devoted himself

to her relatives was their unending care. To this pleasingly surprised young woman he now devoted himself without flagging, earning from the hostess, who had told him off to take her poor, dear Adelaide in to dinner, a warmth of regard long absent from her bosom so far as concerned him

Rex, who had found out his own blessed fate in Miss Hope's name written on a card and stuck into a narrow envelope presented to him on arrival by the butler in the hall, did not scruple to stand back and desist from effort of any kind to be agreeable to others in the interim. Although conscious that he was a man of mark in this small, brilliant circle of opulent parvenus and critics, he was by nature so devoid of ability to pose that he could not for the life of him [illegible]

He was [illegible] of the highest respect type in [illegible] Riviera last season. London [illegible] Rex [illegible] to [illegible] their gloved right hands to welcome the heir of Job Adamson's millions. [illegible] greater lineage than any America can show [illegible] willingness to adopt him into the intimacy of their home life; [illegible] whole glittering galaxy he had escaped unscathed and indifferent. "A man's man," they had called him, settling down to find an excuse for this exasperating calm.

In secret he was trying to subdue the impatience that possessed his soul at the delay necessary upon the non-arrival of some missing guests; ready to murder two respectable citizens who, to dine in the Hope's locality, had been obliged to drive down three good miles of the avenue. When the couple finally came in, the lady out of breath and flurried, the husband slinking behind her with a hang dog air, both reiterating explanations that they did not yet know how to allow for driving distances in "Greater New York," Rex Adamson felt a hot bound of the heart! He was now at liberty to go over and take a proprietary stand at Lucy's side. Directly, her hand rested like a snowflake upon his coat sleeve, and they had fallen into line.

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"I am rejoiced we are moving on—for you," she said mischievously. "I caught one glimpse of your face just now, and, as plainly as words could speak, it said, 'I'm simply ravening for my dinner.' Oh! don't protest. I feel for you—half-past eight, nearly, and you've probably had no afternoon tea. I mean—it's really cruel to men—working men, though, of course, you're only a lily of the field—the way our hours are arranged. Laurie comes in half starved at six, having had nothing but a sandwich or a plate of soup since breakfast, and then, if he's dining out, has to dress and speed miles away before he can get a mouthful at eight.

"He went to an eight-fifteen dinner the other night, where there was to be some electrical surprise in the dining room to greet the guests as they went in. The electricity wouldn't work, a man had to be sent for, the guests sat around in melancholy pairs in the drawing-room, and talked more and more feebly until they were faint. Finally, Laurie heard a man near him say to his companion: 'I'm awfully sorry, but when I have to wait for food it makes me positively savage, and drives me to wish to take people's heads off. So if you don't mind, I won't try to answer you.' She cried out, 'Oh! I'm so glad. I was just thinking I'd hate you if I had to say another word;' then neither spoke again. The company were just praying that they'd send around dinner rolls or meat lozenges—anything to save life—when, at nine, the dinner was announced. The result was, nobody looked at the pretty show of lights and flowers in the dining-room, everybody fell in an awful silence upon bread and raw oysters, and when those were consumed resorted surreptitiously to the side-dishes of little cakes and things."

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"This is a proper rebuke for my stupid appearance. But my thoughts were guiltless of desire for food. The truth is, I don't know how to be pliant and appear unto men to be other than I am. And I was so awfully impatient to be able to take you in."

Never had a young sovereign of hearts a more spontaneous compliment. The frankness of it was, in Lucy's eyes, its most charming feature. She dimpled with satisfaction, and in the midst of this emotion caught a glance from Jack, who with the plain cousin had found places at the extreme end of the table, whence he could see Lucy only by dodging around a cluster of pink roses. Lucy shot back at him a brief answering look, so different in quality to the one just bestowed upon Rex, that he, poor fellow, fell, as if from a balloon, to earth

It was a girl's look she gave Jack, altogether maidenly, yet fond and trustful, as to one over whom she exercised a sheltering influence, in whose successes she rejoiced, for whose mischances she would always sorrow. But, as no language could have done, it convinced Rex of his own madness in yielding to the charm of the moment, and forgetting why he had come into this house. Thenceforward, Miss Lucy should have from him no more pretty speeches.

With a directness that was part of her she spoke to him at once of Jack.

"If I had not heard of you from Laurie," she said, "I should have welcomed you heartily on Jack's account. He says I must trust you as his best friend—that without you none of this good luck would have come to him. When mamma told me you were to take me in to-night I was delighted, Mr. Adamson. I was longing for an opportunity to talk to you about poor Jack. You can't think what faith I have in him. His is such a beautiful nature, so generous, so forgiving, so brave—and no one has seemed to understand him, or to give him credit for any real purpose. But I do!" she added triumphantly, turning upon Rex her childlike gaze. "And you must, too, since you are his best friend. You and I must be friends also—mustn't we? If I could only speak of him to Laurie, who's like my other self, it would be so good. But my brother holds back when Jack is mentioned, and as to my parents, they only tolerate him because of family ties. We are terrible people for family ties, Mr. Adamson. All of us make little shrines and burn incense to our own kin—though we do reserve the right of having little spats among ourselves. I don't think I could say how long ago it was I began to take Jack's side—long before he noticed me.

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"We were at Newport one summer, and something had happened about Jack that I never could understand—no one would explain it to me. But the whole family sat around, and looked gloomy, and hushed it up, and sighed when his name was spoken. That was the first time I felt that I'd like to stand up for him before the world. I just spoke out at table, and said he is a splendid fellow, and I'll never believe a word against him; and then they scolded me, and I cried and ran out of the room. Last summer, when I met him in the country, I was almost in society, but he seemed to have just discovered my existence It was rather mortifying, but—oh! I know you know the rest," she added, blushing to her hair. "He's told me you are his only confidant, and that I'm to look to you, as he does, for good advice. You may be sure I intend to do so; for sometimes I feel so unhappy, you can't think. But to-night I am happy, because I believe it's all coming right at last, and Jack will win the place he deserves, and everybody will see him as he is. And it's you we shall have to thank!"

The couple finally came in

Animating, as she pursued her theme, fresh blushes deepening the carmine of her round young cheeks, her guileless eyes had sought his with an expression of gratitude and confidence that knocked at the very portals of his heart. Rarely had he been brought into contact with a girl so young, so absolutely without the art of concealing her emotions. The fervor of her championship for her lover had in it, he discerned, something of the spirit that would have prompted her to dash to the defense of a favorite dog set upon by others of his species and in danger of being overmatched.

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Rex almost groaned as the conviction of her utter innocence concerning Jack's real self forced itself upon him. What manner of man was he to take advantage of it by coming into her home as a shield to their entanglement?

He tried to fancy his feelings toward one who would so act toward a young sister of his own.

"I believe I'd shoot him on sight, the rascal!" he thought, while turning aside in answer to a movement from the lady on his left to chat for a while with her.

Luckily this lady was Mrs. Arrowtip.

"I have been noticing that our little Lucy has had the conversation all to herself," she said. "You must remember that she's not only a type of the American young girl of gentle breeding in her primal freshness, but a great darling in this household, who are in the habit of listening and applauding when she speaks. I'm afraid she'll lose that enthusiasm of temperament soon enough, but she isn't spoiled yet; and I find her a thousand times more interesting than one of those fashionable automata I most often meet, who look wan and lifeless before their time."

"You would have enjoyed a discussion to which I listened in the small hours, at my club, last night. The subject was, in sum, the check of old fashioned courtship by the excessive artificiality of manners and customs here. Of course I took no part in it. But I received much light in my darkness of ignorance. It appears that some of the fair maidens of high society in New York are so hedged in by conventional rules, or so afraid of being mistaken for Daisy Millers, or what not, they go season after season unclaimed, if not fancy free."

"That's just about what those men would be likely to think about it," said the widow mockingly. "But I'll admit the girls and young men now seem to 'take their amusements sadly,' according to the standards of my day."

"By Jove, that's it. Several of the fellows said they had heard their fathers and mothers talking about certain conditions of—ahem—social intercourse between marriageable persons——"

"You render it in very noble language."

"Well, the amount of it was, that there were lots more chances in those days for men and girls to find out they were in love with each other. The way it is now is more French than American, and no fathers and mothers to put on white gloves and do the needful popping for a fellow."

"Poor, timid creatures! That accounts, then, for the extraordinary languishment of engagements in a certain set. The few the newspapers can get hold of are a perfect boon."

"Not entirely. The men I talked with claim that too

Editor's Note—Part I, The Circle of a Century, began in the Post of June 20. Part II, July 22.

much money on the girls' side and the want of it on the men's are most common obstacles. And even a moderately well-off fellow—one in receipt of a fair income earned by himself, I mean—daren't venture to marry a girl brought up like one of those who think themselves specially fitted to take any rank that Europe can offer. How could he, without risking eternal smash in a year or two? The plain fact, Mrs. Arrowtip, is that ours is the most undemocratic, the most hedged-in little society of any capital I ever saw. And I judge only in the most superficial manner, from what I've seen here and heard said abroad. You know I'm in every sense a newcomer."

"*Monsieur le bienvenu*," she said, bowing graciously, and making Adamson feel, somehow, immediately at ease. "You can't think how it interests me to get impressions at first hand from a man who has been bred abroad and has yet inborn sympathies with us. I wish you would tell me if your views chime in with mine in one particular. Aren't we—and our class, I mean—at this fag end of the century, although in possession of material benefits undreamed of fifty years ago, wholly dissatisfied with our lot? I never see what I call a perfectly happy young face. It is their elders, who have learned to take life as it comes, who seem more in tune with destiny. The young men—again I mean of our especially small class—appear to have no ambition to open the world's oyster with their swords; and the girls are restless, following out a hundred fads, yet doing nothing thoroughly. It makes me sigh for the old times of my girlhood, when we were a smaller band, more coalesced by common interest, more easily amused; the days when it was considered witty to declare 'a man with $500,000 is just as well off as if he were rich.'"

"I have heard my father say that my grandfather got hold of his first 'lump sum' by simply foreseeing that railroads were going to empty our West into European markets; and that when he got it he didn't know how to spend any more money than he was already spending. He couldn't imagine anything else he wanted! Then the war came along and created a new era, when everybody's ideas blossomed out."

"And here we are on the brink of another war. Perhaps that's what we all need, to clear the mental and moral atmosphere. But I hope Heaven will be merciful, and not allow our ideas of prodigality and luxury to blossom out any further as a consequence. There are aspects in which it might be a blessing. There would certainly be some call upon the tremendous physical energies young fellows now waste upon polo and golf and athletics of all kinds, and it remains to be seen how they'll meet it."

"I hope not to be put to the test in that way," said he modestly. "But I can fancy not holding back."

"If we get upon the subject of the De Lome incident, and the Maine, our friendship will be swamped. I can see that you're conservative, and as I'm a terrible jingo we had better stop now. Do you observe the man on my other side, who brought me in? He and I haven't spoken for a year. They rented my cottage at Newport, and we had a difference about a dumb-waiter. If you wish to alienate your bosom friends, let them your house. They will attribute to your personal malignity every hole in the bottom of a saucepan, every dish smashed by their own domestics, and will not scruple to take away your good name by gossip about you. By some accident my card got into his envelope, and when he came to offer me his arm I knew his knees were tottering with fear. But I resolved to astonish him by my amiability, and have been so sweet that I fancy he'll want to rent my house again. However, I'll draw back before that crisis; but here goes to continue his bewilderment."

As she turned away with a comic arching of the eyebrows, Rex was at leisure to resume his study of his own particular comrade. Lucy's countenance, when she again bestowed it on him, was so striking a reproduction of the old portrait in the middle drawing-room that he could not resist again commenting on the fact, and in so doing felt a betraying tremor in his voice.

"Apropos of that picture, something very strange has come to my knowledge since I first met you," she said, speaking in a low tone. "It seems that your intuition about it had some foundation in fact. After you were here, I asked my father some questions about 'The Lady of the Duel,' and obtained his permission for the first time to overhaul an old box of letters, tied in different parcels with faded ribbons which had belonged to the epoch of my great-grandmamma. I spent a whole rainy day absorbing them eagerly, but have been able to find no one in the house who has time to listen to my story of their contents. Now, be surprised! At the very end of the collection I came upon three of the sweetest, quaintest, saddest little letters, addressed to 'Mrs. Lucilla Hope,' and signed 'Eve Adamson'! You don't know how exciting this was to me. I read them again and again, but could not make out much. They were written in answer to some from Mrs. Hope, who was then living at Warriner Manor up the Hudson, an old place she had for life by her first husband's will. The subjects were principally health and children and current events—the usual things between friends—but in one of them Mrs. Adamson says, as nearly as I can remember it: 'If your good husband has not already enlightened you, let me disclaim any right to your too-flattering praise, by saying that what I have received from his family in the past is far more than God gave me strength to render him in return. Your friendship alone would have been rich requital, and I can only pray that this tie will be ever continued betwixt mine and thine!' She goes on to speak of her kind husband's prosperity in business; of her father's recent death; and of her three 'dear little boys,' who are 'passing delicate.' Now, won't you please lend all the powers of your mind to finding out who 'Eve Adamson' was? And I should be *so* much pleased if she were to turn out to be somebody of your very own."

"Do you mean it?" he said, with a thrill of pleasure, "for she was, in fact, my ancestress."

"Oh, how nice! for there are Jack and you and me brought together in this generation by hereditary right."

"Oh, yes, of course," answered Rex, rather flatly. "I had forgotten Jack's share in the combination."

"Why, he represents the villain of the piece. His ancestor challenged mine because they were both in love with the lady in the portrait, and mine got her. Just where yours came in I don't know, but we will both read up diligently and find out. Do you know, Laurie doesn't care a bit for genealogies and bygones? He says those old people did nothing for him, and I tell him he's more interested in what's going on down-town to-day than in anything else in the world. Except one thing; did you find out Laurie's soft spot while you were together on the voyage, Mr. Adamson?"

"His sister?" asked Rex, smiling.

"No-o! of course not! What is a sister but a necessary incidental, to be walked over while a man lives at home, and forsaken just as soon as he can annex another fellow's sister? Is it possible you didn't find out—knowing Jack so intimately, too—that Laurie is far gone in love with Bessie Warriner? They can't call themselves engaged, because they've nothing to marry on, and it's awfully slow for Laurie getting ahead. But nothing would tempt either one of them to think of another person, ever.

"Meantime, Mrs. Warriner and our mother preserve an armed neutrality toward each other—exchange visits, and pretend they never heard of anything between their respective

"THE TRUTH IS, I DON'T KNOW HOW TO BE PLIANT AND APPEAR UNTO MEN TO BE OTHER THAN I AM. AND I WAS SO AWFULLY IMPATIENT TO BE ABLE TO TAKE YOU IN"

treasures. Some of these days, when Jack's and Laurie's ships come in—dear me, how long ships take to come in, don't they?" she added, with a sudden change from gay to grave, heaving a little sigh.

Decidedly, Rex had never met any one who so combined childish artlessness with womanly intuition. He looked at her with reverence, and pity, too, resolving to speak no word that would shatter her young beliefs.

"Laurie's ship will not be delayed much longer," he said, chiming in with her fancy. "He is of the stuff that makes our successful citizens. I envy him his perfect adaptability to his surroundings, his contentment with his lot, and his quiet determination to push ahead. The short time that I have been at home trying to fit myself into my father's affairs has convinced me that, for a young man to be happy in New York he must have been born, bred and educated to its exactions. Our town is a good mother, but a 'stony-hearted stepmother.' Imagine coming home from a long absence to find life here going on with the swing and relentless purpose of a huge machine, no one stopping or turning aside to do more than greet another in passing. If you idle, you are scorned as a cumberer of the earth, and indeed if you so much as pause by the way to wonder at certain existing defects in legislation or monopolies, or chicanery in commerce, your fate is sealed. You are a snob, a carper, an unreal product of your native soil. I refused to converse with a man yesterday who swooped down on me to participate in what I took to be a rather disgraceful business scheme; and he went off warning me that I am already spoken of as a degenerate scion of my father's house. If they would only give me time to get my breath! Your brother, on the contrary, is 'inside.' He knows it all, can draw conclusions at his ease, and need make no mistakes. Depend upon it, it is he, not I, who may be looked on as a patriotic prop of the twentieth century. But this is not dinner-table chat for a young lady in her first season."

"I can see you are in earnest, so I like it!" she exclaimed candidly. "The idea of putting my poor dear Laurie's prospects ahead of yours is most amusing. Why, to hear women talk, you are—but I won't turn your head. I want your best judgment to keep Jack up to the mark, as he has begun. Don't you really think, Mr. Adamson, that Jack has one of the finest minds you know? He could do anything, if he only got started right. And now you have started him, all will go well; I'm sure it will. I want some day to be able to exhibit Jack triumphantly to the unbelievers of my family as a steady, hard-working business man. Then you and I will secretly rejoice, and plume ourselves, won't we, Mr. Adamson? Do you know, it is *so* nice having some one to whom I can talk about poor Jack!"

Jack, always Jack! Adamson, while wincing, bore it manfully. It was better that he should be kept in mind.

When they left the table and the men adjourned to a smoking-room upstairs, Laurence Hope joined Rex and took him off to a quiet corner where they could talk undisturbed.

Lucy's second hero was a tall, open-faced youth, without his sister's glowing beauty, but like her in going straight to the point when there was anything on his mind.

"I saw you talking to my sister at dinner, Adamson," the young man said, without affectation; "and knowing that you are friends with Warriner, and all that, I think it only fair to suggest to you that I hope you won't encourage her in her delusions about him. How far they've gone I don't know; but I do know that if my father suspected what I do he'd be likely to order the door shut in that man's face. As matters are, we being old friends, and part relations, I believe, it's very hard to draw the line against him. The fact that he's always fascinated silly women makes me sick when I think that she may be fancying herself taken with him. I hadn't seen them together for ages till to-night, when, by George, I saw a look passing between them that choked me—Adamson, I couldn't rest till I warned you. I felt sure from her face when she was talking to you that he was the subject. There's more than one reason why the matter's as difficult as a hedgehog for me to handle. I can't go to him, as I would to another fellow of his stripe, and tell him my plain opinion. And I can't inform on him to my father, still less set my mother on the scent. I ought rather to protect him, and let him reap every benefit on God's earth that's likely to come to him from this chance you've helped him to get. But put yourself in my place, and say if you would like your sister to—a girl of nineteen, who's been shut in like a nun—oh! it's impossible, intolerable, and I can't even ask you to condemn him! Perhaps I'm wronging you in suggesting that you would voluntarily let her run upon this snag. If you suspected anything, you could hardly—Adamson, this isn't the place for such a talk, and I'm in my own house, while he's my mother's guest. But you and I know Jack Warriner down to the ground, and you must believe that I'll fight the world rather than let him get her."

Adamson, who had listened, without stirring, to the young man's rapid, excited speech, tried to weigh well the words in which to answer him.

Thus pondering, he looked Lucy's brother full in the eyes.

"Oh, I say—it was brutally rude of me to do this"—went on Laurie, before the other man could speak—"but I don't think I was ever more boiling angry than this idea has made me; and I had to speak it out. It isn't square to ask you to turn on him here, now, under these circumstances. I beg your pardon if I've done a rather nasty thing. I suppose it was realizing what kind of a fellow you are, and knowing that you'd stuck by Jack, as man to man, without considering the things that have got to rule me, that made me pour it out on you. No, don't answer me; not a word; what I've said, I've said, and please consider there's an end of it."

"If there weren't all these other people looking on I'd like to shake hands with you," said Adamson.

And then Mr. Hope, senior, came up and dropped into a chair beside the young magnate, whom he had decided to be a very interesting *fin de siècle* study; and Laurie took his pangs and fears away.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

The Making of a MERCHANT

Paper Number Three

An Employer of Others

By HARLOW N. HIGINBOTHAM

IN A PRECEDING paper I attempted some practical suggestions to the end of indicating how the young employee may secure favor and advancement with his employer. There, only the conduct of the servant was considered, and nothing was said regarding the responsibilities of the master. My convictions concerning the latter are so strong that I can scarcely leave the discussion of any phase of mercantile life without an expression of opinion on this vital point.

A very large proportion of the Americans who have builded great businesses and made their names familiar to a large public confess that they find their chief pleasure in following the daily routine of traffic at a time when they have no longer any financial necessity for so doing. For this, we as a nation are sharply criticised by our European friends, who declare that in the absorbing race for success we forget how to enjoy the fortunes after they have been secured. These critics say the most pitiable spectacle in the world is the millionaire who becomes a slave to the habit of money-getting and cannot take himself from his sordid tasks. To a degree this observation is sadly true, and America has very many men of great fortune who appear to have small capacity for any pleasure other than that of increasing their wealth. But there is another side to the picture of the wealthy business man who sticks to his desk long after his fortune is greater than he could reasonably spend during the remainder of his lifetime.

It would be well-nigh impossible to convince men of a certain class that very many of these men, who have no necessity to work, keep to their tasks from a sense of duty to their fellow-men—and most particularly to their own employees. This, however, is true in scores and hundreds of instances. If the secret motives of the business men who have been scoffed and sneered at as mercenary and miserly, because they did not retire to a life of ease and idleness when their wealth overtopped the "dreams of avarice," could be understood, it would be seen that a very large proportion of them have kept steadily at their self-appointed tasks for the sake of the small armies of men, women and children depending for the necessaries of life upon the safe conduct of the great enterprises managed by these men. I think this spirit is particularly characteristic of those who have made great fortunes in mercantile pursuits rather than in speculative fields.

WHY RICH MEN REMAIN IN BUSINESS

The reason for this sense of responsibility on the part of wealthy merchants is not difficult to find. Generally their fortunes have been of comparatively slow growth, and in the process of their building, the "merchant princes," as the newspapers describe them, are brought into close and long association with their employees, and would be scarcely human if they did not find themselves deeply interested in the welfare, of the men who served their interests, even though it be a service for hire. Many a conscientious merchant worth millions has said to himself, and possibly to his nearest friend, "I'd like to let go of work entirely, take a long trip and make a business of pleasure-seeking, but I'm interested in my men and have plans for their good that can only be carried out after careful foundations have been laid. So I'm going to stick to work until I can see things so firmly established that it will not cause a ripple of disturbance when I do step out. And perhaps I shall get quite as much enjoyment in doing this as in searching for pleasure outside of work."

This attitude is certainly that of many wealthy merchants and other large employers of labor, and if their employees could only appreciate this fact it would make the service of both a delight, and would change the aspect of the labor world. On the other hand, it must be admitted that not all large employers are sufficiently unselfish to take this view of their opportunities; but of such it must be said that they do not have a realizing sense of their responsibilities.

Many avenues of helpfulness open to the manufacturer who desires to deal helpfully and generously by his employees are closed to the merchant, for the reason that the employees of the latter are generally widely scattered throughout the city in which the mercantile enterprise is located. On the other hand, the employees of a manufacturing concern usually segregate and comprise a distinct community of their own. This makes it possible for the manufacturer to build halls, churches, libraries, schools, gymnasiums, theatres and club houses to be used exclusively by the men and women on his pay-roll. The merchant cannot do this for the reason that his employees are dispersed throughout the entire city.

More than this, the working force of a great mercantile establishment represents nearly every social class. Those of highest rank and holding executive positions are, perhaps, members of the same clubs with the proprietors of the house, and move in fashionable circles. Then come others of varying social status. In the main they are necessarily persons of more or less education, and could not, therefore, be considered *en masse* in any plan for their advancement which would necessitate their meeting together or sustaining a common social relationship.

KINDLY DEALING THAT PAYS DIVIDENDS

This difficulty, however, does not shut the kindly disposed merchant from benefiting and helping his employees. There are many things he may do in this direction, and the first and most important one is that of consistently following a line of conduct calculated to make every employee, from the least to the greatest, feel that so long as he is faithful in the discharge of his duties and reasonably competent he will not lose his place in the employ of the house. Nothing in the world can build up so strong a sense of loyalty and devotion on the part of the working force of any establishment as this feeling. Nor will any amount of fear, discipline or driving get so much work and as good work out of employees as the knowledge that their tenure of service is secure, and that in misfortune they will be taken care of in a friendly and humane manner. This feeling will go further than high salaries—although in saying this I do not take the position of urging it as a possible subterfuge by which the payment of fair wages may be avoided. It should be adopted as a business rule because it is right, and it will be found most excellent policy when pursued from this motive.

The best capital that any employer can have is the knowledge and appreciation on the part of his employees that he is genuinely and sincerely interested in their welfare; that he really cares for them and their prosperity. This applies particularly, it seems to me, in the mercantile business, where a very large proportion of the men are salesmen, and their efficiency dependent to a sensitive degree upon their feelings—their loyalty, energy, and hope of substantial appreciation and reward. I have never found any way of accomplishing this result other than that of keeping in close, personal touch with the entire working force of the house. It would be a matter of sincere regret to me to learn that a single employee of my establishment did not feel and understand that he could come to me in any personal trouble or exigency of a serious nature and be cheerfully granted an audience, and that the boy receiving the lowest wages would be as welcome as the man holding a position of great responsibility. To establish this feeling thoroughly in an institution employing more than two thousand persons has cost many hours of time; but my experience warrants the statement that any merchant who is a large employer of labor will find time thus spent the most profitable and productive that his calendar records.

RETURNING LOYALTY FOR APPRECIATION

The knowledge that he will be "taken care of" in sickness and calamity as well as in health does more to keep the employee steady and contented in his service than all other influences. When the man knows that, in the event of illness, no matter how long continued, his pay will be cheerfully sent him, he needs no argument to induce him to remain with such an employer, even if offered higher salary or more brilliant inducements elsewhere. And if the employer keeps so close to his men that he is able to visit them when they are sick without making the visit a palpable and deliberate display of patronage and condescension, he will command almost unbounded loyalty from the men on his pay-roll.

Another powerful stimulant to the devotion of employees is the pension system which is in force in mercantile life to a much greater extent than is generally understood.

The selfish value to a great commercial establishment of taking care of its employees, of showing interest in them, of stimulating them to advancement, and of making them feel secure in their positions has been illustrated by some notable examples of those who pursued an opposite course. One of the largest mercantile houses in the country adopted as a settled policy the unwritten law that when a man advanced to a certain degree of intimacy in the knowledge of the larger affairs of the concern his services were to be dispensed with. In other words, the proprietor determined that no person besides himself should have a grasp of the business in its entirety. As soon as his lieutenants acquired what he regarded as a dangerous amount of knowledge he discharged them. And with what result? He educated men for high places in the service of his competitors and put a most effectual damper on the spirit of loyalty. His men realized it was not safe for them to "know too much." Because of his strong personality and his genius for finance he was able to prosper in spite of this weakness in his system; but the instant his own hand was stricken from the guidance of the affairs of his house the spirit of his own distrust of his employees swept into practical wreck the great enterprise which he had builded. There seems to be little reason to doubt that had he pursued an opposite policy, and put a premium on high executive ability and a comprehensive grasp of the business, his house might have perpetuated his name for several generations instead of dropping from sight with almost incredible swiftness. The great cohesive power of a mercantile establishment is the spirit of confidence between employer and employed. It is indeed necessary for success.

EFFECTIVENESS OF PROFIT-SHARING PLANS

There are many excellent ways, besides those I have already mentioned, by which the employing merchant may arouse the energies and inspire the devotion of those in his employ. One is by paying salaries that are admittedly large. In the trade, service in such a house is regarded as a prize to be vigorously sought. The assigning of a direct interest in the house is another effective way in which to reward what in military terms would be classed as "distinguished service."

I am familiar with an instance of this kind wherein the proprietor of an extensive business wished to make one of his principal employees an actual shareholder. The young man had no capital to invest, and could not well spare anything from his current earnings for investment. He was charged on the books of the concern with $15,000 in cash and credited with that amount of capital. Of course he was also charged interest at the rate of six per cent. Against this was a credit of profits or earnings of twenty per cent. This made a net balance in the young man's favor of $2100, which was applied on the charge of his capital of $15,000.

The years in which this snug capital was paying for itself passed so quickly that the happy young man was scarcely aware of their flight. That fund not only exerted a strong influence on the young man, but on other employees of the establishment.

The method of bestowing a "working interest" is probably familiar to all. It consists of what to all intents and purposes is the bestowal of a fictitious interest in the business. The favored employee is credited with a certain percentage of the net profits for the year—this in addition to a salary sufficient for living expenses. It does not matter so much in what form the employer makes this award to special worthiness, so long as he makes it and his employees know that it is to be made from time to time. In truth and in fact, the interests of the employer and employed are mutual, and everything which goes to make this more apparent is to be welcomed.

MEN WHO THINK FOR THEIR EMPLOYERS

There are two or three points briefly and casually touched upon in my former articles that I am loth to leave without a word of special emphasis. In a very large degree, whatever of success I have been able to achieve in the mercantile field is due to reaching out for new responsibilities and doing things without being told. The man who rejoices the heart of the head of a great business is the man who sees something to do and does it without asking any questions. Of course I do not mean by this that any employee should recklessly usurp the duties or responsibilities of another or of his employer; but within the bounds of reason he should be extending the radius of his authority and responsibility, and lifting that much, as it were, from the shoulders of his employer. The latter is quick to see the force and value of such a servant and inwardly remarks: "Here is a man who not only acts, but thinks for me. He sees through the eyes of my own self-interest and initiates and executes in my stead."

The other point which I especially desired to emphasize is that of unfailing and irrepressible courtesy to every one, and upon all occasions. This should be a matter of principle and native good-breeding. But if it can't be spontaneous and of the heart, let it be nourished as policy, and from the cold and calculating consideration that in this country it is impossible to tell how soon the humblest person may change to a place of great influence and importance. Let any business man of long experience go over the surprises of this nature which he has encountered and the list will be surprising. In fact, the man who has not learned a few lessons in this particular line through sad and humiliating experiences is fortunate.

THE QUALIFICATIONS OF A GOOD CREDIT-MAN

The credit department is generally the field most attractive to the young man who is ambitious to make a figure in mercantile life. Here is the arena in which a talent for financiering may be displayed every work-day of the week, and the employee may earn a year's salary by a clever turn or the prompt exercise of judgment and firmness. What wonder, then, that the young man who feels himself equipped by nature and taste for the exploits of commercial finance—for the thinking and planning part of mercantile life—longs to test his mettle at the credit-desk. There every transaction has its beginning and its end, its initial sanction and its formal termination. To the credit-man and his assistants come the merchants of other cities—men of recognized power and influence in their communities—and stand before him to be judged as to their integrity, their business capacity, their energy, their financial soundness and resources, and their character in general.

No judge on the bench faces so difficult a problem as that which confronts the credit-man. If the latter fails to be absolutely judicial in his decision his hopes of success must be small indeed. On the other hand, he is not so protected from personal influence as is the judge. The customer makes his own appeal for credit or its extension, and leans on the desk of the credit-man, looking the latter full in the eye as he does so. Perhaps this customer is known to be a personal friend of the proprietor, and the credit-man is in honor bound to conceal the reasons leading to the denial of the request. This makes refusal very hard to give, but there is only one safe road for the credit-man to follow in all instances: he must be more judicial, if possible, than the righteous judge, and take nothing save his own best judgment into account.

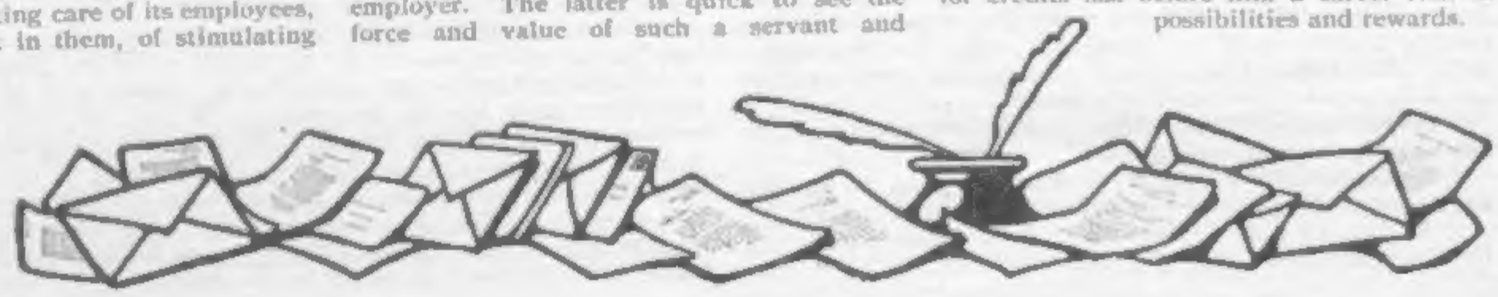
WATCHING THE FINANCIAL WEATHERCOCK

More than this, he must be quick to catch at straws of circumstance and read their significance. This can best be illustrated from a personal experience. A man who had a large line of credit with us and was considered the "big man" in the mercantile circles of his own city, came to request the extension of a note. Just previous to his appearance at my desk I had been in his city and took occasion to get shaved in the barber shop underneath his store. Incidentally, I chanced to make a passing reference to the place above us, and the barber shook his head and remarked:

"They're not throwing the goods down on the counters the way they used to. The captain of the ship seems to be pushing the Sunday-school convention business more than the dry-goods trade. He's away a good deal, and leaves things to his clerks considerable."

Although I was comparatively new to the credit-desk, and was acting in the place of the credit chief, who was in Europe, I declined to extend the note. My customer was greatly astonished at this development, and reminded me that if the regular credit chief were there the favor would be instantly granted. I knew this was altogether probable; but I believed the man had reached a period of financial unsoundness, and my duty was clear. There was nothing for me to do but quietly insist on a settlement. This I secured. Shortly afterward the man failed, owing a competitor of our establishment $10,000. I had caught the right straw and saved the house thousands of dollars by standing firmly to my conviction.

Hundreds of parallel instances have come within my experience, and all emphasize the point that the credit-man must be as judicial as Justice, as firm as a rock, and sensitive to the thousand straws of circumstance which show the drift of the financial current. These requirements may appear very exacting and almost impossible. Certainly the number of men who embody this combination of qualities is not large. On the other hand, the young man with genius or even talent for credits has before him a career rich in possibilities and rewards.



Editor's Note—This is the last in a series of three practical papers on The Making of a Merchant, by Mr. Higinbotham. The first paper, Laying the Foundation, appeared in the Post of June 3. The second, In Business for Himself, appeared June 17.

THE BOOKS OF THE WEEK

Mr. Wells' New Wonder Novel*

MR. H. G. WELLS has raised modern science to the dignity of a sport. On a plain, reasonably scientific basis he erects the wildest sort of romance, outstripping Jules Verne in fantasy and Dean Swift himself in the air of realism. Of course there is nothing very new in all this. Ever since Cyrano de Bergerac made his journey—now famous—to the moon, science has been the galley-slave of fiction. But few in our day have equaled the uncanny author of The Time Machine, and The War of the Worlds, and—this is his new book—When the Sleeper Wakes.

It was in 1897 that Graham, a discontented radical, went to the country for a rest. He had been troubled with insomnia. For six nights he had not slept. Then he fell asleep and slept for two hundred and three years. He woke from this cataleptic trance and found himself in a new world, an un-English England, a London that was a huge monster of iron and steel, and over which fluttered dark air-ships—like iron birds. He woke to find himself the Master of the World.

It was very simple. His little fortune had been left in charge of the State; for two hundred years it had grown; it had been invested in the huge trusts and monopolies; throughout the centuries this fortune had drawn to it all other smaller fortunes—it bestrid the earth like a Colossus; England, America, Germany, France were merely the sleeper's workshops. His affairs were administered by a council, who ruled the world by the weight of his millions. Under this tyranny the people went staggering. They had one hope: When the Sleeper Wakes! They organized revolt in this hope; in this hope they waited. And now the Sleeper, who had lain for ages in his glass case, is awake.

The country was deserted save for the herds driven afield by the helots of labor. The cities had swallowed up humanity. The great companies had organized labor—drilled it into machine-like efficiency.

Graham thought of Bellamy, the hero of whose socialistic Utopia had so oddly anticipated this actual experience; but here was no Utopia, no socialistic state; there was the old antithesis of luxury and waste on one hand and abject poverty on the other.

Which side would he take, this Master of the World?

"Here and now," he cried, and the new science of electricity whirled his words around the world that all his slaves might hear, "I make my will. All that is mine in the world I give to the people of the world. I give it to you, and myself I give. And as God wills, I will live for you, or I will die."

War was afoot; those who had ruled in the Sleeper's name summoned their black and yellow legions from Asia and Africa. The air-ships, war-laden, came flying from East and West and South. The people, swarming up from their underground dens of toil, captured one of these flying monsters. None of them knew how to use it—it was by their ignorance that they were slaves—but Graham knew. He sent the iron thing flying through the air. He met the oncoming squadron. It was not until half were destroyed and the rest in flight that his own machine fell, broken, and he found death. And as he died, there rang in his ears the cry: "They win; the people win!" Again the world was face to face with the problem of democracy.

I have given you the theme of the book—its romance, its grim air of realism, its irony you must uncover for yourself. This is one of the books that make men think.

A Warning to Critics†

BERNARD CAPES, the author of At a Winter's Fire, is a new writer. Not in many a day has a young writer plumped into the mill-race of literature with quite such a splash. Read here, for instance:

> "From the deep green shadow cast by the graveyard wall, heavily buttressed against avalanches, a form wriggled out into the moonlight and fell with a dusty thud at my feet, mowing and chopping at the air with its nimless claws. I started back with a sudden jerk of my pulses. The thing was horrible by reason of its inarticulate voice, which issued from the shapeless folds of its writhings like the wet gutturizing of a back-broken horse."

Of course this sort of writing is merely a trick, easily learned—like jumping through a hoop—and not especially desirable. Ten pages of it tire the sturdiest reader. For the rest, the short stories that make up this volume are interesting enough—ghosts walk and murders are scurvily done. Perhaps the most notable is that of Major Strike, who wrote poems in his youth. A critic treated them hardly. So the Major turned prison director, decoyed the critic into a lonely cell, lashed him with a goat-thong whip till he died—and so had his revenge. The critic still haunts the cell in the form of a windy eddy on the floor. All the stories are not as silly as this, but they are hard, bony, artificial—without a touch of sentiment or a hint of character-drawing. Stories in the vein of Monk Lewis and Mrs. Ratcliffe are popular nowadays, so doubtless Mr. Capes' book will find readers.

—*Vance Thompson.*

*Mr. Wells's book is published by Harper & Brothers.

†At a Winter's Fire, by Bernard Capes. *Doubleday & McClure.*

New Subjects for Old Authors

IN THESE times of eager competition between periodicals to secure attractive features, it is amazing to see how little originality there is in the tables of contents of rival magazines. The same old names appear again and again, attached to articles that treat over and over the same threadbare themes; there is not even an appreciable variation in style. Yet there is not a second-rate inventor in the country who cannot tell how variety is secured by making new combinations of old elements.

In this case, practically all the elements are well known, and their qualities are only too well understood. We are thoroughly acquainted, for instance, with the views of Captain Mahan in regard to sea-power in history. We do not require that he should write, or, rather, rewrite, the history of Switzerland in order that we may be convinced that only the most powerful modern battle-ships could have preserved the doughty little Republic from absorption into the Ottoman Empire. These are now but the commonplaces of historical knowledge. Nor does it improve matters for the learned Captain to shift his ground a few paces to the right or left; essays upon Kansas as the Sea-Power of the Next Century are nothing but deductions from Mahan's general principles, and any intelligent reader may infer such applications for himself.

Readers of to-day are tired of the unvaried bill-of-fare that has been served up to them so often, and will no longer consider it a novelty. They are not tired of Captain Mahan nor of sea-power: they are tired only of the two in combination. Here lies the opportunity of the really up-to-date editor. But as he may not be able to find it for himself, we shall point it out to him so plainly that he can miss it only through a willful disregard of good advice.

Now here, on the other hand, is John Burroughs, from whom the public has very cheerfully received monthly installments of valuable information about the Domestic Economy of the Turkey-Buzzard, or the Physical Depravity of the Celery Plant, and so on. The people are thoroughly informed as to the position of Mr. Burroughs upon the celery or turkey-buzzard questions. But use your constructive imagination for a moment, and see what can be brought about by the exercise of the power of combination.

Let some truly enterprising editor secure from the learned Captain an article in the true John-Burroughs vein—say, something really sentimental on Sandpipers and Spring Violets, or the First Song of the Catbird—and it requires no prophet to predict an immediate accession of public interest, with the consequent increase in the applications of our wide-awake American advertisers. An editor of the first rank will perhaps discover, without exhausting study, that the same principle may be extended to other authors than the two selected as examples. To encourage such an apt student—if such there be—a few briefer applications of the principle may be given without wearying the non-professional reader. We shall not elaborate them, but leave the ambitious editor to extend them.

Mr. Kipling must not be omitted from any self-respecting periodical that can afford to be in the fashion; but it is not at all necessary to give him his own way. An article by the Laureate of Anglo-Saxony upon the recent ordination of Doctor Briggs would undoubtedly come high, but, equally without doubt, would the article be a feature. By inserting such a contribution in some trade journal a still further element of surprise would be secured, but this might savor of eccentricity.

James Whitcomb Riley Discusses the Liquid-Air Paradox is a line that would look exceedingly attractive in the table of contents of any first-class magazine; and Poems in Dialect, if secured from Senators Hoar and Lodge, might be read with more than a languid interest. Theodore Roosevelt has covered so wide a field that it does not at first sight seem easy to find just the novel topic for his versatile pen; but it is believed that hitherto he has written nothing upon Embroidery in Colored Crewels, though the right to revise this statement on the discovery of new evidence is expressly reserved.

In conclusion, we shall give a short list of items as specimens of other simple applications of this easy method:

The Santiago Campaign.....FRIDTJOF NANSEN
The Keely Motor.....JULIA WARD HOWE
The Rest Cure.....FREDERIC REMINGTON
Dining With Deaf-Mutes.....CHAUNCEY M. DEPEW
Spring Fashions in Hats.....E. L. GODKIN
Quietism in New England.....EDWARD ATKINSON
Wagner and the Götterdämmerung
ADMIRAL SAMPSON
Triple-Expansion Engines.....W. D. HOWELLS
At Home in America.....MARION CRAWFORD
A *Short* Story.....HENRY JAMES, JR.

This, it is confidently submitted, would be a table of contents that would sell a whole edition of any magazine ever printed.

The idea is not copyrighted.

—*Tudor Jenks.*

NEWS FROM BOOKLAND

The Two Winston Churchills.—Winston Churchill, who won fame in The Celebrity, is not the Winston Churchill who wrote Malakand Field Force. The latter is the son of the late Lord Randolph Churchill. The former is a thorough American. He is less than thirty years old, and came from St. Louis. Once he was an editor of the Cosmopolitan. He now lives in Nyack-on-the-Hudson with his accomplished wife.

Mr. Churchill is reported to be wealthy, but this circumstance does not interfere with his industry. He is a dark, handsome man, with strongly marked features, and an enthusiastic sportsman and athlete. He is an untiring worker whatever his task may be. His successful novel, Richard Carvel, has taken most of his time for the past two years. It is his chief work so far. The Celebrity was written since he began it, to fill in some spare time when his interest in the novel momentarily flagged.

Professor Seligman's Great Library.—Professor Edwin R. A. Seligman, of the chair of political economy in Columbia University, has probably the largest private library of books appertaining to social and political economy in the world. It completely fills the three-storied walls of an immense room in the rear of his handsome mansion near Riverside Park, New York.

The Professor has just completed an almost rewritten edition of his standard work, The Shifting and Incidents of Taxation, bringing it to date. The Professor is not only one of the ablest, but he is the wealthiest professor in Columbia, if not in this country. He is one of the family of bankers who attained world-wide fame as being the bankers of General Grant.

Bronson Howard as a Reporter.—It is not generally known that Bronson Howard was for many years a newspaper man. His last work was done on the exchange desk of the New York Tribune in 1874 or 1875. Since that time he has found dramatic work infinitely more to his taste and vastly more remunerative.

The New York publisher of his earlier plays said the other day that Howard was still drawing a handsome annual income in the shape of royalties from plays that the large cities of this country have almost forgotten. Howard and Robert Barr have taken up their homes in England, near London, and the friendship formed in their youth continues as strong as ever to this day.

Miss Day, Yachting Expert.—A yachting book by a yachtswoman is somewhat of a novelty, and Miss Susan de Forest Day's entertaining work describing a cruise through the West Indies on her steam yacht, of which she is the master, tells of real experiences. Miss Day, who is a member of New York's "four hundred," belongs to several yacht clubs in America and abroad. Miss Day, it will be remembered, converted a trading steamer into a yacht, and is one of the few women in this country who are practical sailing-masters.

Yachting and Literature.—Captain Frank S. Patmore, son of the late Coventry Patmore, and a well-known story-writer, has been combining literature with seamanship since his retirement from the British Navy. He lives in Bedford Park, a literary settlement near London, when he is at home, which is not very often. The Captain is the owner of a handsome yacht in which he is in the habit of making long pleasure voyages. While these trips are enjoyed by the owner, they are not arranged wholly for that purpose. He generally selects his guests, who pay the expenses of the trip, and the Captain takes them wherever they choose to go. It is traveling *de luxe* with one of the most entertaining men in England for both host and skipper.

A recent incident will show that literary work and pleasure cruising do not occupy all of the Captain's time. An English author now in this country said that he met the Captain, the last time he was in London, one night at the Authors' Club.

"I'd like to have you come out to my place with me," said the Captain apologetically, "but it's impossible. I just got in yesterday from a cruise on the yacht in the China Sea, and am going to take a vessel to South America for the Navy Department to-morrow. Better luck next time."

Mr. Rideal's Unfortunate Addition.—Since coming to New York, Charles F. Rideal, author of Men of Our Time and a Fellow of the Royal Society of Authors, has been a very busy man. He is now the court of last resort upon the manuscripts of fiction submitted to five large publishing houses in New York and Philadelphia. Not long ago Mr. Rideal added five days to his age and robbed his natal anniversary of many hallowed memories. He had been told from boyhood by his parents and family Bible that he was born on the fifteenth of June, which is the date of dates in British history. The Magna Charta was signed on that day, and various other important events are credited to its record.

Recently he applied for a life insurance policy, and in looking up his official birth certificate he learned to his dismay that he was five days older than he thought he was. He was really born on June 10. He is now celebrating two birthdays.

A New American Dish.—When Paul Laurence Dunbar was in England two years ago he was invited to read, before a distinguished company, from his poems at the house of a certain Lord. The poet chose the poem, When the Co'n Pone's Hot. Just before he began, a guest arose and said:

"I fancy that Mr. Dunbar's poem may be a bit unintelligible to those who have not traveled in the States. The Co'n Pone is a peculiar American dish in which the Southern negroes bake their cakes." Then he sat down.

The poet was too polite to correct the traveler, and to this day many who heard him believe the darkey's fragrant pones are Yankee skillets.

A New Sort of Palmistry.—Dr. Edward Blake, of London, has added a contribution to the scientific study of the hand which he expects to be taken seriously. It deals with signs as palmistry and chiromancy do, but these signs betoken health or illness, and nothing more. The Doctor views the hand solely from a pathological standpoint.

Another Millionaire Author.—Attention has already been called in this column to the work of rich men in literature. The latest catalogue of G. P. Putnam's Sons, New York, brings to light another multi-millionaire author. He is Dr. W. Seward Webb, of Vermont, who married one of the late Wm. H. Vanderbilt's daughters.

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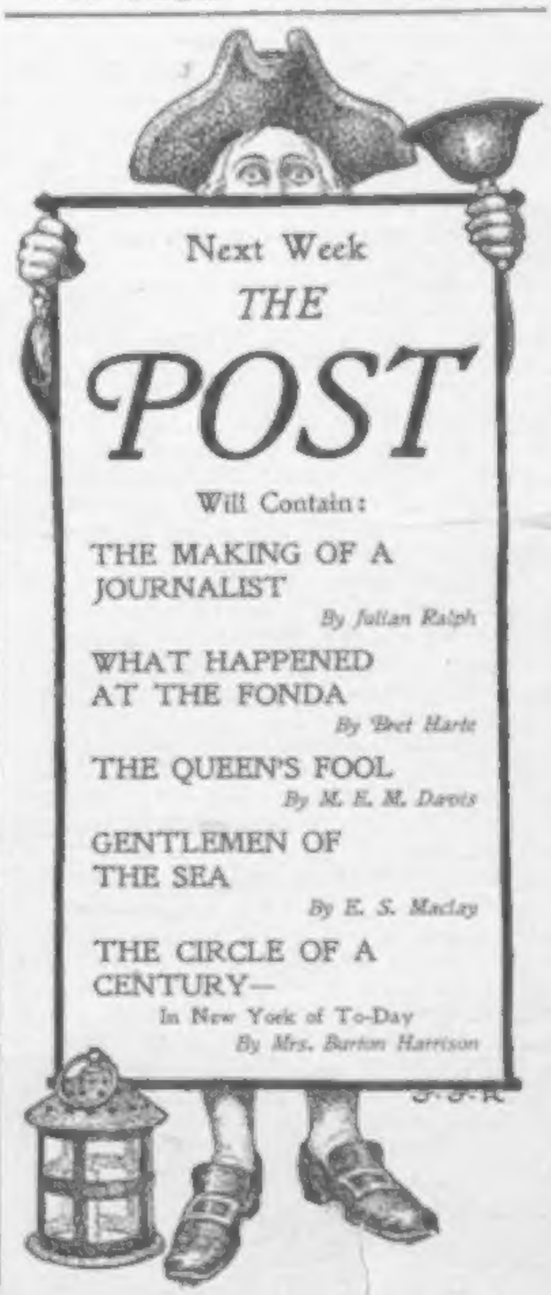

BROTHERHOOD

By Frederic William Farrar

DEAN OF CANTERBURY

WERE I to choose any text for this open-air sermon, none would be more suitable than "Sirs, ye are brethren." Let no one regard the subject of Brotherhood as an idle one. Almost all the advance which the world has made—all the greater opportunities and more possible happiness, of the poor especially, and of the working classes—have been directly due to the development (imperfect as it still continues to be) of the sense of Brotherhood among human beings since time began.

My words to you will not be utterly wasted if only, by God's grace, I may deepen in the hearts of some of you our sense of the all-prevailing lesson which He taught us: "By love, serve one another." To clear our thoughts let me begin with an illustration.

Not many years ago a vessel named the Grosvenor was wrecked on the coast of Caffraria, and, as Charles Dickens tells the story, one hundred and thirty-five souls had to make their way, in two detachments, to the Dutch settlements at the Cape of Good Hope. Among them was a friendless little boy of seven. He cried after one passenger who had been kind to him, and was at once taken into that detachment, and the whole company made him their sacred charge. The sailors, as they swam across the rivers, pushed him before them on a little raft which they had constructed for the purpose. When he was worn out they carried him by turns through the deep sand and long grass. They lay down and waited for him when the rough carpenter who was his special favorite lagged behind.

Beset by lions and tigers, by savages, by thirst, by hunger, by death in a crowd of ghastly shapes, thank God! they never forgot the child. The Captain and the boatswain lay down side by side to die; but the survivors still took with them the little child. The carpenter died of eating poisonous berries in his hunger; then the steward took up the good guardianship. God knows all he did for the little lad. Weak and ill, he still carried him in his arms; starving himself, he still fed him; he folded his rough jacket around him on the cold nights, and laid the little worn face, with a woman's tenderness, on his sunburned breast. Then they both fell ill, and their wretched partners, in despair, now reduced to few in number, waited for them one whole day. They waited the next day. On the morn of the third they had to move on or all of them would have perished; but they agree that the child shall not be told till the last moment. The terrible moment comes. They went to bid him farewell beside the dying watchfire, but the little child was not sleeping as they thought. The watchfire was dying, the child was dead, and soon afterward the steward also died. But, oh! on the last day will not those poor and humble sailors be blest for their gentle faithfulness! Will they not hear the healing words: "Inasmuch as ye have done it unto one of the least of these My brethren, ye have done it unto Me."

Perhaps you will say that all the tenderness and self-sacrifice thus evoked were mainly due to the fact that this little fellow-sufferer with the shipwrecked crew was a child. There is an invincible pathos in the sufferings of a child, and a man must be indeed sunken in brutalism if the anguish of a little one does not touch his heart. Yes! but the sad fact is, that we are so utterly unimaginative, so devoid of large sympathies, that while the sufferings of one little one can, for the moment, fill us with trembling mercy, we may be hardly moved at all by the known troubles of whole classes and multitudes of children.

The human race to you means such a child or such a boy you saw one morning waiting in the cold; but a million such—you could as soon weep for the rule of three, or compound fractions. Let me bring before you a single proof of this.

The Factory Acts were only passed in the reign of our beloved Queen. Before those Acts were passed, wretched little English children were kept working twelve, thirteen, fourteen hours a day. When, in 1844, Lord Shaftesbury asked that the labors of little children, at any rate, might be shortened to ten hours a day, he described what he had seen in the hospitals of Lancashire, where he found children, crippled and mutilated under the conditions of their work, presenting every variety of distorted form, "just like a crooked alphabet." And yet, at first, in spite of the nobleness of the work, what a hard battle had to be fought before this oppression was declared illegal! How little sympathy, how little support, did the defenders at first receive, even from the clergy, even from religious men! Why was this? It was because the sense of "Brotherhood," as Christ taught it, is still so imperfectly developed among us! And yet this sense of Brotherhood is the secret of all social amelioration, of all the happiness of the community apart from favored individuality.

If the sense of Brotherhood were developed among us as Christ meant it to be, the freedom—nay, the strong temptations, inducements, incentives to do wrong, would not be paraded upon us, and especially upon our youth, as now they are. Let me give you another instance:

Not many years ago there was a terrible colliery accident in Wales, and it shortly became known that two men and a boy were yet alive in the black and suffocating darkness. How intense was the excitement throughout all England! If all England had had but one arm, not a true man in England but would have hewed at the pit's side with a giant's strength to save those three poor lives. And when they were rescued and were drawn up out of the darkness—pale, emaciated, starving—with the solemn agony upon their faces, but still alive, strong men in hundreds wept and women swooned.

Now, why should the sympathies of all England have been so intensely moved on behalf of those poor Welsh miners, and one little nameless boy, while yet the wrongs and sorrows of whole classes have often failed for years and years together to awaken so much as a ripple of sensibility in our too callous hearts? If Brotherhood, as Christ taught it, as Christ displayed it, is to be a real thing, let us work earnestly to it, lest in our hearts pity should become the mere dead, half-hypocritic, inert sentiment—useless for any promotion of human happiness—of those who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched, nursing in some delicious solitude their dainty loves and slothful sympathies.

My friends, the sum total of all the duties may be gathered up in one monosyllable of four letters: Love. "Love," said Saint Paul, "is the fulfilling of the law." "A new commandment I give unto you," said our Lord Jesus Christ, "That ye love one another; as I have loved you, that ye also love one another." Love in this Christian sense lies at the base of all solidarity, of all sympathy, of everything which we call the Brotherhood, and of all the blessings which it can achieve.

Now, the deeply rooted tendency of most men—of all men whose hearts have never been touched by the grace of God—is the very antithesis of love—which is selfishness. The type of it in our Lord's parables is the unjust Judge, who at first cared nothing for the poor widow's complaints. So is the man who would not get out of bed to help his hungry neighbor, and the Priest and the Levite who passed by on the other side and would not lift a finger to help the wounded wayfarer. It is Dives who was clothed in purple and fine linen and fared sumptuously every day in absolute indifference to Lazarus, who lay at his gate, hungry and full of sores. But selfishness is not any special characteristic of the rich or of the great. It is the common, universal vice of the human heart, against which every one of us has to be on his guard.

It was Christ who first effectually taught to mankind the sin of it, and taught us to control and subdue it. It was Christianity that taught us: "Look not every man on his own things, but every man also on the things of others." Our Brotherhood is not to be the mere slightly expanded egotism of family affections. It is to flow out, as Christ's parable of the Good Samaritan taught, to all who in any way need our aid, to all whom, by the work of our brain, or the toil of our hands, or the gentleness of our affections, we can make a little better or a little happier. We are to comfort the feeble-minded, to support the weak, to have mercy toward all men. Only by such a spirit can our souls become "pure and transparent as crystal, ardent as fire, strong, generous, and enduring as the hearts of martyrs."

And this love must flow out to all in ever-widening concentric circles. It must begin with our families, must extend to all our kith and kin; must widen to our parish, our city, our nation, like the ever-widening circle on the bosom of some lovely lake which ceases only with the shore. So, we shall at length be able to say with the old Roman dramatist: "All that concerns man concerns me." And thus—since sympathy and love tend ever to reproduce themselves—all the world will become a better and a happier world, till all the kingdoms become the kingdoms of our Lord and of His Christ, and the knowledge of the Lord shall cover the earth as the waters cover the sea.

Editor's Note—Brotherhood is number six in The Saturday Evening Post's series of Open-Air Sermons.

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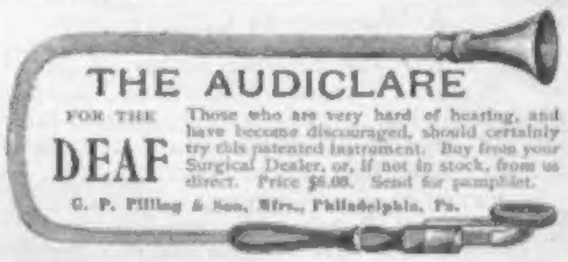

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